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SOCIETY

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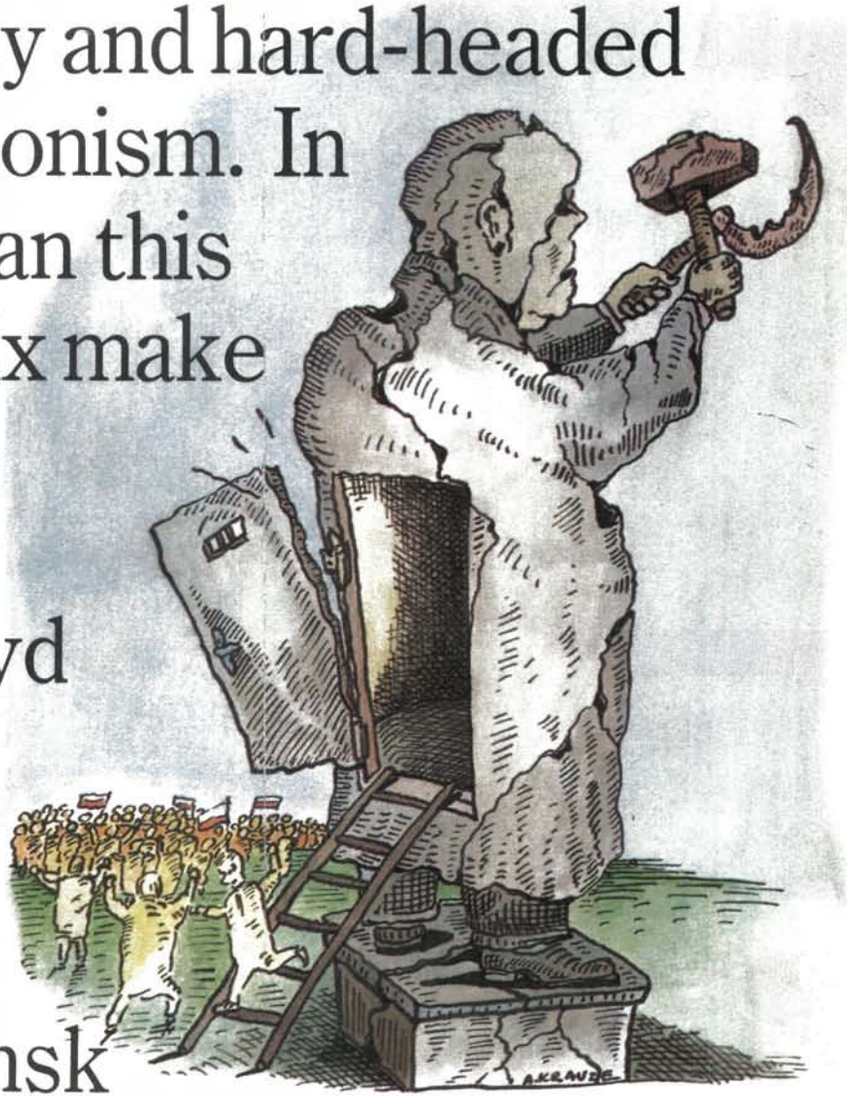
Brink of Democracy

In opposition Solidarity combined mystic patriotism, religiosity and hard-headed trade unionism. In power, can this heady mix make anything work? John Lloyd reports from Warsaw and Gdansk



Raphael Samuel: in search of Britain

Patrick Seale assesses Syria's grand design

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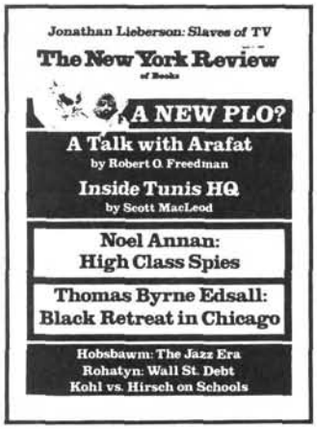

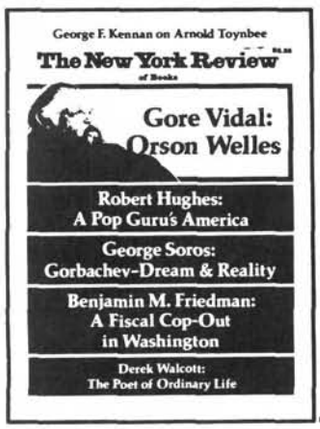

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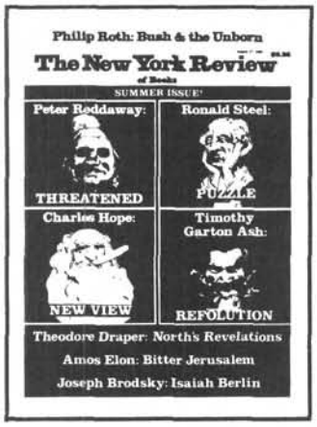

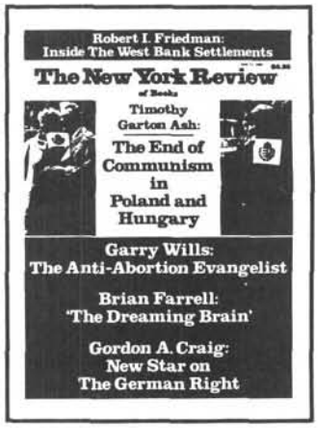

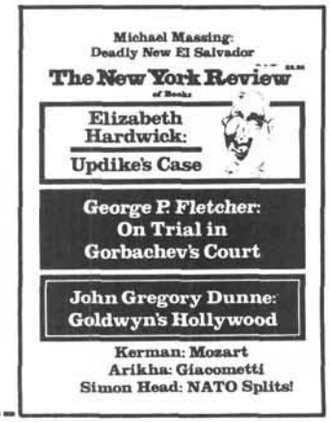

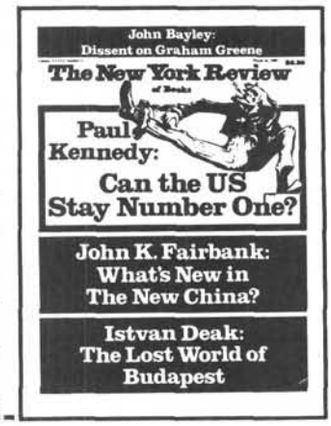

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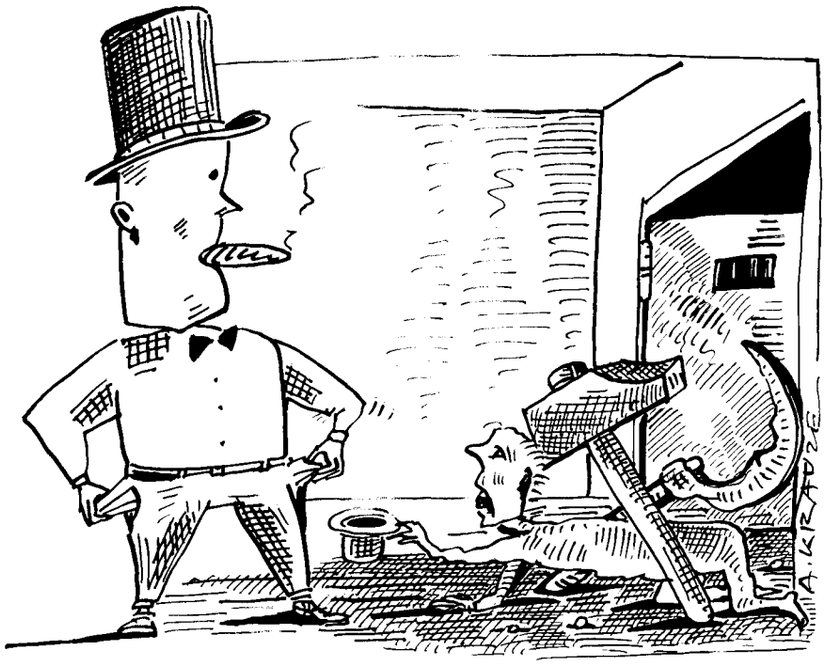
EDITORIAL

Playing Pilate

Western Europe's response to changes in the east is quite inadequate. But so is Gorbachev's



Andrzej Krauze

East Europe is being shaken by revolution, irreversible and unpredictable. In Poland, Solidarity's recently gaoled leaders are preparing to take over the government; in Czechoslovakia, a regime which pointedly praised the savagery in Beijing brutally puts down a demonstration against the Soviet invasion. East Germans escape their regime through Hungary, and it's a picnic. The Soviet Union even-handedly practises a doctrine of non-interference in Poland and Hungary, Romania and Czechoslovakia, while the divisions between these states deepen.

It would be absurd to try to build a response from the west on the shifting sands of events which continually take even their protagonists by surprise. But we ought at least to raise a protest about the inadequacy of the west's current response, to challenge Gorbachev's Pilate-like doctrine of non-interference, and to sketch out possible alternatives.

Two major issues dwarf the rest: reform of the disastrous command economies of the east, and democratisation of the totalitarian regimes. They are of course profoundly interconnected, and at a level far deeper than the common western line that capitalist markets bring democracy. In Poland now an abrupt and unassisted shift to a market economy could destroy the chances of popular democracy; and since Poland is at the front-line of change, it's here that thinking about the west's response should begin.

Even Poles echo the prevailing western view that it's up to them to deal with an economic crisis which could reduce the country to third world status. They're obviously right not to count on the west, given the miserly doles which Mrs Thatcher and President Bush have so far handed out, like Victorian philanthropists, with long lectures about thrift and enterprise. But the end of the cold war in Europe, and thus real security and huge savings in arms expenditure, depends upon orderly moves towards democracy and autonomy in the east; and they, in turn, depend on economic reforms which bring real benefits to the peoples of those states.

West Europe was set on the way to post-war prosperity by the Marshall Plan, and the US itself benefited from expanding markets for its goods. The Polish crisis should be the occasion for a modern Marshall Plan. The terms on which aid and investment are given need thinking through. No-one objects to conditions which demand democratic advance and protection of human rights. And markets do bring democratic space. But the "market solutions" which Britain and the US are insisting upon are another matter: monetarist policies, privatisation and unemployment are the realities which lie behind the rhetoric about "enterprise" (which has now become an exclusively capitalist quality). And Foreign Office officials here openly state that egalitarian attitudes in the east are an obstacle to more assistance.

It's not to be expected that Mrs Thatcher or Bush will question the efficacy of applying Thatcherite leeches to the Polish economy; but given the state of the patient after a similar operation in Britain, surely the opposition parties will begin to question the governing principles of western aid which, in their present miserly and narrow form, are bound to bring still further misery to the Polish people, deepen the huge exodus from that country, and damage the process of democratisation throughout east Europe? Aren't there more generous and far-seeing models than higher prices, longer queues and more unemployed workers? Wouldn't a social democratic programme, or experiments in self-management and democratic planning—two strands of thinking which have advocates in the sprawling coalition which is Solidarity—be more promising alternatives?

Couldn't west Europe draw up a programme of aid and investment which might make a reality of ideas of a Common European Home? Couldn't some aid be channelled more directly to enterprises, or tied to environmental reforms? And couldn't EC tariffs and trading practices be reviewed?

Similarly, the Helsinki processes, on which the notion of a wider Europe is based, have to be given more force. Neither the Soviet Union nor western governments can tolerate the repressive regimes of East Germany, Czechoslovakia or Romania—or, for that matter, of Turkey. Sure, it's good that the Soviet Union has renounced the use of force in east Europe; and sure, it's "understandable" that Gorbachev should keep quiet about those vile regimes. But in failing to condemn and criticise, his policy of "non-interference" implicitly endorses political practices which undermine his generous vision of a new Europe. He should be prepared to speak out at least; and to apply influence and sanctions at best. The west could encourage him by adding to the Helsinki processes sanctions which are meant really to work.

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Conflicts of interest

Do you feel enslaved by your mortgage, driven to despair by your debt repayments, enraged by the inaction over third world debt? Do not give up. A new political party has just been formed which takes as its starting point the evils brought to the world by interest payments.

The party is the Islamic Party, due to be launched on 13 September. Billed by the British press as the organisation that will cause fat men (viz Roy Hattersley) to tremble in their seats, it is in fact far more preoccupied with applying the fundamentals of Islamic teaching on interest payments, as well as giving Moslems equal rights with Christians in education and blasphemy law. According to leader David Pidcock: "the main reason for founding the party, contrary to popular belief, was not Salman Rushdie. That was the straw that broke the camel's back and motivated and politicised people. But it was the necessity to establish a system free of interest." Interest, he says, fuels inflation, child abuse, alcoholism, gambling and prostitution. As far as Mr Pidcock is concerned, the Islamic Party will do only what other religions claiming descent from Abraham ("the founder of Islam") should do: honour God's prohibition of interest. Mr Pidcock cites a rich variety of historical episodes, including the sending of William of Orange to England by Amsterdam bankers to institute the national debt in 1694, the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and the 1824 banking law which permits banks to legally defraud us. The victims of this cumulative, immoral system of interest are the "walking wounded". The new party will speak for them. That is, says Mr Pidcock, "if we're not assassinated in the process". He is not too hopeful of getting good publicity. Islam, he says, has had a bad press since Richard I set off on his crusades.

Making a killing

The City's £1.4 billion scrabble for shares in Wellcome plc last Friday was both silly and dangerous. The surge —which added 32 per cent to the company's market valuation—followed an announcement by the US Secretary of Health and Human Services, confirming that the company's anti-Aids drug, Retrovir (AZT), had further helped make Aids a treatable disease by reducing the rate at which HIV-infected people would "progress" to serious illness.

The scramble was silly because anyone who had been following medical reports had known for at least two weeks that the sudden abolition of the placebo arm of the current major US trial of Retrovir could only mean that the drug had been found a success. Even that result wasn't new; our own report on early intervention to stop Aids (6 January 1989) reported everything that has now excited the City. Our raw information was then more than six months old. The only reason it has taken so long for the facts to come to market is that formal licensing of the drug as a general HIV treatment could only follow the major US scientific trial; and without formal licensing available, big profits could not be made.

The scramble was dangerous because it will place potential beneficiaries between the Scylla of a major drugs company keen to restrict the Aids/HIV market to one expensive treatment only, and the Charybdis of a government whose health reform plans make no provision for lengthy maintenance treatment of HIV-positive people on drugs as costly as Retrovir now is (£4,000 a year). The lesson, as we said in January, was that a government and Medical Research Council heedful of the horrendous long term costs of HIV morbidity should invest massively in research programmes to find alternative and supplementary treatments besides Retrovir—which is by no means going to end all Aids morbidity. That they did not do so—and have still devoted inconsequential resources to funding research on Aids clinical trials—is a grisly reminder of how much the prejudice the disease still invokes will cost them and sufferers alike.

Brady calls the shots

Poverty-stricken and inflation-ridden Argentina, under the command of a surprisingly statesperson-like Carlos Menem, has been forced to postpone its claim to the Falklands because it needs Britain's economic support. At least, that's the gloss put on the recent London-Buenos Aires negotiations by the British newspapers.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The prime movers in the talks are the American State Department and Treasury; and the principal beneficiary is the all-but-insolvent American banking system. The collapse of Thatcher's international prestige has allowed the US, pursuing James Brady's plan to reduce its international debt, to force her to the negotiating table. Thatcher finds herself in the tricky position of having both a novice Foreign Secretary and a negotiator, Crispin Tickell, who during the Falklands crisis was Ambassador to Mexico and told Mexican businessmen that Britain should quit the islands forthwith.

But American joy at bearding "her high and mightiness" and regaining a free hand in Argentina (and, they hope, in the debt negotiations throughout Latin America) could be cut short by more pyrotechnics from Menem. He knows that unless he can gain control of the economy by next spring, his volatile electorate will make the riots which catapulted him to power seem like nothing. The American Treasury's announcement that it will support Argentina is his only hope of avoiding a return to military rule. But will making the American Ambassador *de facto* president of Argentina be any more palatable to the anti-Yankee Peronists? While a choice between the army and the Americans is no choice at all, trying to balance between the impossible and the unspeakable is what Latin America is all about.

Who pays the pintail?

The fine-sounding "polluter pays" principle, embraced by environment secretary Chris Patten, was quickly put to the test by the oil spillage on the Mersey last Saturday. "Of course we will pay," said Shell—the company which caused the 150 ton spillage, and which brought us environmentally conscious ads long before it became a trendy issue. They meant, of course, that they (or more likely, their insurers) will foot the bill for the immediate clean up operation. But the environment doesn't work like that: what is the price of a dead bird, for example? Or the price of killing the bacteria which provide feed for the molluscs, who in turn provide feed for the birds which contribute so much to the beauty of the environment? Shell may well pay for the men combing the beaches collecting globules of sticky mess but they will never deem themselves responsible for, say, the death of a pintail duck from starvation later this autumn.

The sight of men in white space suits spending large amounts of Shell's cash by working through the night on overtime provides a nice irony in these days of privatisation. Here was a private sector company paying local authorities to do their dirty work for them. Let's hope the councils put in a healthy mark up for profit in the bill, just as private contractors do when they do work for local authorities.

In death, your position on the social scale becomes fixed with the precision of a map grid reference. The drowned of the *Marchioness* are doomed to be remembered as the "beautiful people", regardless of the fact that among them were a caterer, a hairdresser, and an historian. And last week the London *Evening Standard*, reporting on the case of Fiona Jones, the British woman missing in France, made clear its view of her place in the scheme of things: "FRENCH CALL OFF WIFE SEARCH," one of its hoardings proclaimed.

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LETTERS

Language of disability

I found Cynthia Rose's description of author Christy Brown as "a brave, concise intelligence whose prison is the flesh" offensive ("Risky Business", 11 August). As anger subsided I questioned what it is that I, as a disabled person find offensive about this use of language.

First, it is offensive because it is overly simplistic, reducing disability—and disabled people—to a dichotomy between brave/unfortunate/surprisingly, intelligent souls fighting the wasted/evil/contorted body. The trouble with talking of intelligence imprisoned by the flesh is it freezes those moments of frustration so they become overwhelmingly, *the feeling, the experience,* of disabled people. It implies the causes of such frustration are located with the individual, letting society off the hook.

Second, it is offensive because it depends upon notions of normality and physicality, conveyed with emotive and pejorative language, to judge and sum up disability. So often, able-bodied people seem obsessed by how disabled people look, judging disabled people against the ideal of "the perfect body". It limits our lives because others have fixed and false perceptions of what can be expected of us. Using the prison image suggests that disabled people should be sad and gloomy, deserving of pity, and so forth, and anything we do which defies these negative categories will be "despite" disability.

Language reflects the prevalent ideas of the time, and we seldom stop to unpack words and phrases to see if what they contain is still valid and acceptable. I think I understand why Ms Rose used the language she did, but equally I understand that my feeling of offence and anger had genuine roots. Disabled people have long been challenging the language and images which able-bodied journalists use to describe us.

Ruth Bailey
Westcroft Close
London NW2

Factory farming

Congratulations on the excellent food business insert in your 11 August issue.

While this booklet puts the consumer case strongly, it has made only a token reference to the cruelties of the factory farm.

And cruelties they are—pregnant sows chained to the floor throughout repeated and lengthy pregnancies, hens kept crowded in cages with less space each than a sheet of A4 paper.

Although eggs from hens kept in alternative systems do have to be labelled as such, it is monstrous that battery eggs can masquerade as "country fresh" or "farm fresh", totally confusing the consumer. Ditto the country-fresh pork and bacon from animals which never see the light of day.

It is urgent that any system of food labelling should state the method of animal rearing for all animal products and slaughter methods as well for meat.

Joyce D'Silva
Compassion in World Farming
20 Lavant Street
Petersfield
Hampshire

Taking sides on Cleveland

In response to Heenan and Lamontagne's letter (4 August) may I make the following points.

The point about reprinting the extract from "a silly and forgotten" novel by Mr Bell is that he still claims, in 1989, that "I'm flattered if anyone thinks the book was based on my experiences...a very moral book...I am hoping to have it republished in paperback, it will be a best seller." (*Sunday Mirror,* 7 May). I personally wouldn't have felt so furious about it if he hadn't tried to defend it in this way.

This surely has relevance to the Cleveland affair since Mr Bell has rampaged through my community attempting to silence an alternative view. Could the novel be a clue to his hidden agenda?

He has also called long and loud for sacrificial heads on platters, notably those of Dr Higgs and Ms Richardson. Is it "social justice" that individuals who happened to bring the toxic message of child sexual abuse into the public domain should "take the blame"—who are the "victims" now?

There are a million ways to sit on the fence over this issue; everyone has a way of feeling superior while they don't examine their own agendas for their particular position on the fence. The best way forward to empowering children is for society to debate openly and honestly this complex issue and for professionals to engage in a dialogue with the community so we can learn from one another. It is too complex an issue to leave solely in the hands of the professionals, we learnt this from Cleveland, but there are other things we must learn together and that means getting off the fence.

Annette Lamballe-Armstrong
Cleveland Against Child Abuse
Windsor Road
Middlesbrough
Cleveland

Numeracy

Sean French (Diary, 11 August) discusses the paradox that deficiencies in numeracy tend to evoke less comment or criticism than deficiencies in literacy. Many people who would be grossly offended if the slightest aspersion were cast on their level of literacy, will boast proudly that their degree of numeracy extends little beyond the ability to tot up (wrongly probably) the weekly grocery bill. This, of course, is an aspect of the "two cultures" snobbery that is still so deeply entrenched in our culture.

Alan Cock
Roselands Gardens
Southampton

Wheel power

June Tatch (Letters, 28 July) is surely right to suggest that pushers of prams and of wheelchairs have a common interest in trying to make cities more civilised. May I suggest she goes further and begins a campaign with the slogan "Wheelies of the World Unite". That way she would draw in the support and expertise of those who regard wheeled access in cities as the norm instead of a good work for disadvantaged groups.

Three sources instantly come to mind; supermarket developers since they have an interest in shoppers being able to wheel trolleys, operators of hotels in the sun who need waiters to be able to serve poolside drinks and meals, and the City of Munich which has made its city centre a model of easy access and attractive architecture.

Anne Corbett
rue de Varenne
Paris

Electronic tagging

Jolyon Jenkins' otherwise fine piece ("Remote control", 18 August) on electronic tagging was a little unfair on the National Association of Probation Officers. NAPO believes that the tag is likely to be attached to people who would have been bailed anyway and to others, who because of their instability are liable to break the tagging conditions. In addition, NAPO fears that young black people will be disproportionately represented on all the schemes because black people are over-represented in remand courts.

The tag has not made great inroads into the US jail population, which currently stands at 950,000. In five years a mere 7,000 offenders have been tagged.

Harry Fletcher
Assistant General Secretary
NAPO
London SW11

Apology

In Joan Ruddock's political column (11 August), we transcribed the acronym LCC as London County Council. It should have read, as we know, Labour Co-ordinating Committee.

THIS ENGLAND

£5 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

● The private Mid-Kent Water Company, serving 500,000 people, has also imposed restrictions. Brian Coleman, managing director, said: "We have banned the watering of racecourses. I don't think we have one, but the restriction is there in case there is one we don't know about."—*Sunday Times* (Malcolm Norman)

● Cautious firemen in Wigan, called to a chemical spillage, wore protective clothing and waited for advice on handling containers from France marked "eau".—*Sunday Telegraph* (George Moor)

● Next weekend's Woodstock 20th anniversary party has been called off by the village cricket club at Kennington, Kent. A problem with the intended venue. Club captain Ollie Austen is, unfortunately, having his patio extended.—*Guardian* (S S Chahal)

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DIARY

Sean French

I felt some awe for the speed of response to the terrible sinking of the pleasure boat *Marchioness* on the Thames on Sunday morning. Within hours the relevant emergency services had sprung into action: the police and Royal Navy, Mrs Thatcher and the leader writers.

Each group demonstrated its particular skill, divers having to search the wreck by touch alone in the opaque tidal currents of the Thames (has there ever been a more inaccurate line of poetry than Spenser's "Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song"?); Mrs Thatcher being virtually first on the scene, even after the handicap of beginning her dash from Austria; and the leader writers leaping to conclusions, even before the casualty list was complete.

As usual I had two almost diametrically opposed responses. The first was that Britain is now regularly experiencing the sort of accidents that we generally—perhaps wrongly—associate with the third world. Countries with decaying, underfunded, overcrowded transport systems and safety standards that are continually being eroded can expect major accidents.

There is a dichotomy in the lives of almost all of us who live in Britain's large cities. We're told things are getting better but everytime we go out into the street we see that things are clearly getting worse. I notice that the *Sunday Times* has begun a campaign to clean up Britain with an interesting report a week ago about the filthiness of London's most famous tourist sites. It did this, however, without any consideration of the economic and political reasons why our major cities are among the most squalid in the western world. One of our disasters, the Bradford football ground fire of 1985, was actually caused by years of accumulated litter.

In my other response, though, I found pronouncements such as that by the *Independent*'s leader writer on Monday that "We have come to accept that neither British Rail's trains nor the London Underground system are very safe" quite absurd.

A fortnight ago I wrote about the problems of innumeracy and our consequent ability to assess risk. The loss of life in the King's Cross fire was deplorable and preventable but nevertheless on any calculation relating journeys made to injuries and deaths, the London Underground system must be one of the safest modes of transport that has ever existed.

The *Independent*'s leader was headlined "The lost culture of safety", but it would be more apt to talk about our culture of hype. Sudden accidents produce dramatic journalism, particularly in August when the newspapers are desperately searching for domestic stories. But all the disasters added together don't begin to compare with the truly scandalous number of deaths on the roads, or the even more scandalous numbers of deaths caused by smoking and the appalling British diet.

Whenever a disaster occurs, melodramatic leaders call for money to be thrown at the problem, often in an attempt to lessen degrees of risk that are already miniscule. It ought to be a duty of any serious newspaper to provide accurate comparisons between different levels of risk, perhaps by adopting a common scale of assessment. Funds could then rationally be directed to areas where the most lives could be saved or improved.

Even on a rough calculation it's clear that leader writers should be encouraging more investment in the underground service so that it can carry even more passengers, not scaring them on to the roads so they can run down cyclists like me.

In the course of my recent article on innumeracy I cited a problem about birthdays and probability: how many people would you need to assemble in a room for the odds on two people sharing a birthday to be even? The answer is the low figure of 23.

Peter Becque has written telling me that he uses the problem when lecturing on the subject of probability to accountants. He has also kindly included a table which shows the probability from groups of one (which is of course zero) to 100.

What is startling about the table, as he points out, is how quickly the likelihood of sharing a birthday increases once the numbers get beyond 23. Only 32 people are required for the odds to be three to one on. As Becque suggests, this figure might be handy for a maths teacher and an average-sized class of students. Becque himself wagers his class of 40 that two of them will share a birthday—a good bet since the odds are eight to one on.

And should you ever find yourself in a crowd of 100 people with a gullible gambler, you can happily stake your shirt. The odds are over three million to one on.

However, with matters of this kind, there is always someone who writes in and causes trouble. Just when I thought that I had the calculation of the probability safely in my head, Bob Wells writes in and asks, what about leap years?

I fed this extra piece of data into my cranium. Immediately there was a whirring noise and a small explosion somewhere among my synapses. The mathematical part of my brain, which had been reactivated after years of disuse, has temporarily been shut down to allow time for some minor repairs to be carried out.

Karl Marx once observed bitterly that he would make the bourgeoisie of the world suffer for the carbuncles on his bum that had plagued him during all the years that he had sat at his desk.

In similar vein, I plan to make *NSS* readers suffer for the troubles that I have suffered with my teeth over the years. I've heard that today's young people suffer little tooth decay, as a result of the fluoridisation of the water. But this was rather too late for me, as Philip Larkin remarked on another subject.

I've always been fascinated by the peculiar way in which the National Health Service relates to dentistry. Whenever anything goes wrong, I am presented with a choice. Either I can have some quite inadequate treatment done on the NHS or pay money to have it done properly.

This time I was offered a choice, which for someone like me who doesn't want to keep his teeth in a glass is no choice at all, between having a tooth pulled out, as the old village blacksmith used to do, and having root canal work done in Harley Street.

I was kept in the chair for a couple of hours, which gave me the chance to reflect that it is not the pain or the sound of having one's teeth drilled that is so horrible but, oddly enough, the *smell*.

To be continued, indefinitely.

ROGER WODDIS

Brush up your Polish

or Kiss me, Katya

(Apologies to Cole Porter)

Brush up your Polish,
Start speaking it now.
Brush up your Polish
And avoid a holy row.
If you can't say Tadeusz Mazowiecki,
Then your future you'd better forgetski.
Just learn to pronounce Lech Walesa,
And they'll think you're a member of Mensa.
You've no role if you're Pole-axed by *zloty*,
Or the Chamber of Commerce is potty.
Brush up your Polish,
And the Pope will bow.

Brush up your Polish,
Start speaking it now.
Brush up your Polish,
Or exams you're sure to plough.
If you wince at Wojciech Jaruzelski,
All the comrades will damn you to hellski,
And whoever misspells Solidarity
Will be greeted by yells of hilarity.
Just remember a Chopin mazurka
Will sound wrong if you rhyme it with worker.
Brush up your Polish,
And they'll wreathe your brow.

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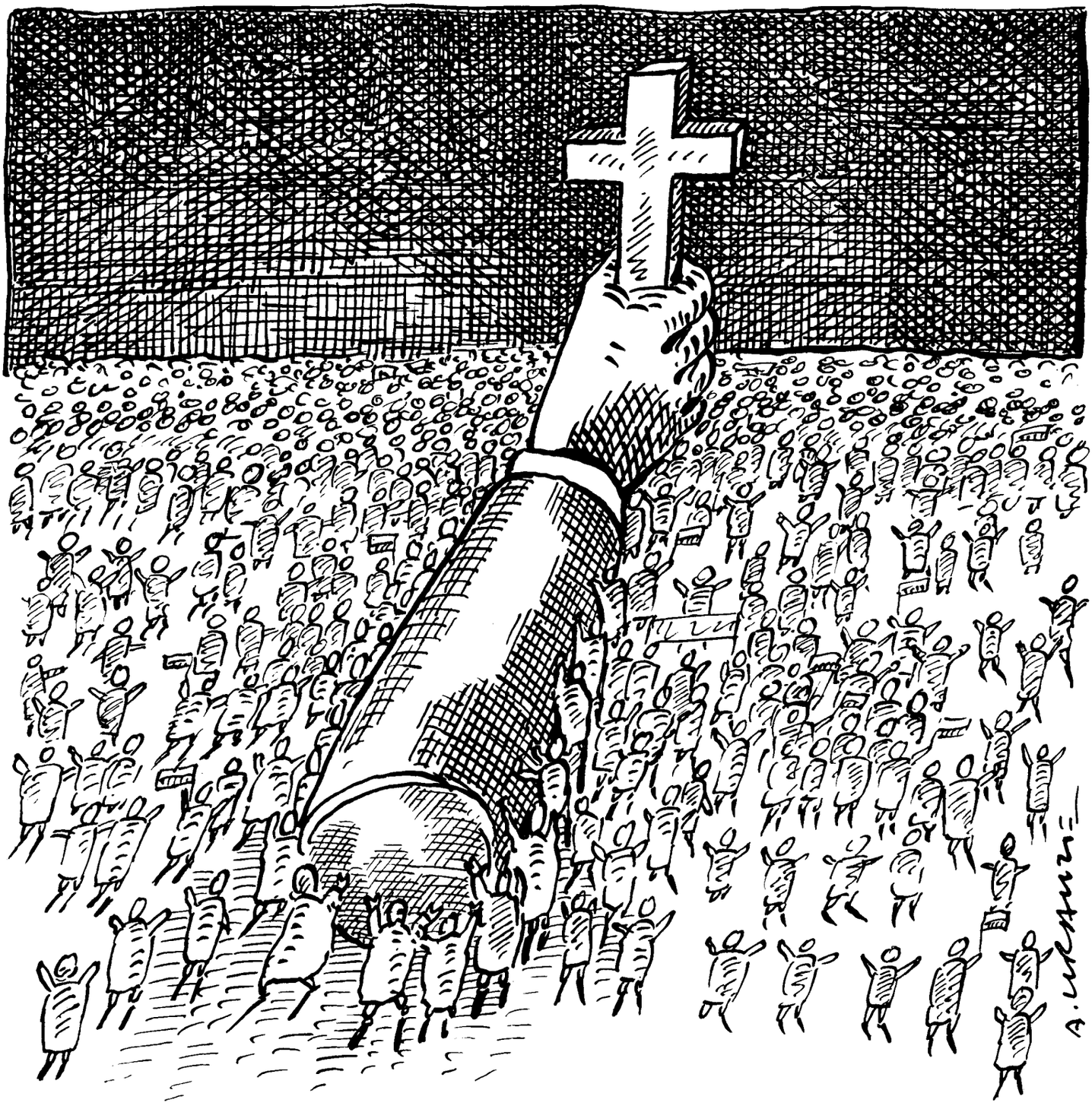
The power of Solidarity

An uneasy but powerful mix of beliefs has fuelled Solidarity's rise to power. John Lloyd wonders if these beliefs are the basis for good government



Andrzej Krauze

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Poland

I once watched Father Jankowski, the Solidarity priest, put on his vestments. It has seemed since to provide a mental key to understanding Solidarity.

Father Jankowski is priest at St Brygida's church in Gdansk. It is less than a kilometre from the gates of the Lenin shipyard, and has functioned as a point of inspiration, defiance and publicity since 1980. Inside there is much of the kitsch for which the Polish church is justly famous: surpassing itself, there is opposite the main entrance a "reproduction" of the famous Black Madonna of Czestochowa—giving a Solidarity "V" sign and, just visible under the baby Jesus, a *Solidarnosc* T-shirt.

At the back of the church is a large chapter-house where Father Jankowski lives and which has functioned, in recent months, as a kind of Solidarity hospitality suite: Margaret Thatcher lunched there when she visited Gdansk, the new Prime Minister of Poland, Tadeusz Mazowiecki, drove there on Sunday in his first public outing, to greet Lech Walesa, "our leader". The yard between the house and the church is one of those places in the world known to the media, rarely mentioned by them but terribly important to the messages with which they—we—smother the globe: it is a space in which new entries to the dictionary of received ideas are concocted occasion by occasion, as groups stand about, trading information and, as importantly, finding agreements on "the story".

Father Jankowski fits easily in these worlds. He knows the Polish and many of the foreign reporters well, especially those from the US networks. He has a real record of devotion and labour in the Solidarity cause, strongly identifying with the movement from the beginning, keeping close to Walesa and said to be a huge influence upon him (but many are said to be that), visiting the Solidarity leaders in jail when they were interned. He also has a growing reputation among diplomats and the business communities for his skills as a middleman and fixer: he it was who introduced the Polish-American heiress, Basia Piasecka-Johnson, to Walesa at a Corpus Christi procession in Silesia in May, a meeting from which flowed her now famous offer to buy the Lenin yard for $100 million, an offer which seems to be serious and is now being pursued. Little goes on in Gdansk of any moment which does not seem, at some point, to pass through his hands.

But of course he is a priest. In June, on the day of the first round of the election (the fourth) I went to St Brygida's for the morning mass and, since no one seemed to mind, I went into the vestry at the back. Father Jankowski was standing before a full-length mirror in his working soutane. Beside him, a middle-aged woman, his dresser. Slowly, one by one, she helped him on with layers of robes, each more gorgeous than the next; the outer robe was an intricate, hand-stitched gold surplice. He combed his hair carefully as she brushed him down—better to say, burnished him. He passed down two lines of choirboys into the high altar, where sat Walesa, as usual on the right of the altar, and delivered a speech almost wholly political in content.

He did the same this last Sunday (though the vestry door was shut and guarded this time): on this occasion the guest of honour was Mazowiecki, the man nominated to be the next Prime Minster of Poland, sitting on Walesa's right. He emerged into the church, blazing with light, the altar boys following on. As soon as he came to the high altar, the congregation first broke into the national anthem ("Poland will never die while we live, what foreign powers take from us, our swords will return to us"). Later they sang (among many others) a verse which read: "I will never take the cross from my wall, I will never take the cross from my soul. For only under the cross can Poland be Poland, and a Pole be a Pole." In his sermon-cum-address, Jankowski hailed the "first Catholic Prime Minister of Poland" (since the war) and ended it by saying "May God help you to build a completely independent Poland."

Standing with the melée of television networks and photographers in the well of the church, he asked his congregation for their patience, reminding them of the importance of the occasion. They accepted that and, unlike the delegates at a Labour Party conference, smiled benignly on the writhings, contortions and hysteria of the press's swine-like behaviour before the trough of Mazowiecki and Walesa. You could not fail to be moved by the passionate showiness of the whole event: the only close parallel I have witnessed is an IRA funeral. Leaders and led, priest and faithful, achieved emotional union through kitsch, patriotism, religious exclusiveness and spectacle.

I can imagine a communist recoiling with distaste from the event and from the person of Father Jankowski. Here was a priest who used mediaeval finery and ritual (the mass was in Latin), 19th century capitalism and 20th century western media to create an ambience within which the most reactionary emotions were nurtured and encouraged. All that the best of Polish socialism had opposed was being called back up from the vaults in which the left thought it had been sealed. Indeed, you did not have to be a communist, merely a non-Polish Catholic, to feel that, even as the wave of emotion in St Brygida's brought unbidden tears to the eyes.

"I will never take the cross from my wall. For only under the cross can a Pole be a Pole"

Why are Father Jankowski's robing habits a key to events in Poland? For this reason: that he as much as any of Poland's priests has grasped the nature of the struggle between civil society, over which the church has had such an influence, and the communists. He has, instinctively and courageously, put his church in the movement's service and his gamble has come off. He is not a martyr figure, like the murdered Father Jerzy Popieluszko: on the contrary, he is a plump, charming, commanding, business-like man with talents which are not usually those of a priest but which he has furthered and used without inhibition. The fact that he, no doubt from vanity as well as from calculation, appears before his faithful so gorgeously confirms that he is able to draw out and give expression to a faith and a complex of emotions which the communists have never, save for a few years and even then imperfectly, been able to touch. Father Jankowski operates from within the heart of Poland even as he postures above it.

The "first Catholic Prime Minister of Poland" is, metaphorically, of his flock: being blessed by Jankowski was among his very first public acts. He had been for most of his working life a Catholic activist and journalist: it was that, as much as his personal qualities, which ensured him a place as Walesa's close adviser since Solidarity's foundation in 1980. If he lasts as premier and if he is able to put a stamp on Polish politics, he is bound to reflect this deep religiosity which believes that only under the cross can a Pole be a Pole.

As an opposition force, Solidarity's almost mystic faith could rub along with the harder edge of the formerly Marxist radicals, of whom Adam Michnik and Jacek Kuron are the best-known. As an opposition force, the fact that the movement began as a trade union, but was always more than that, was also manageable, since both were always repressed. But now?

Most of the discussion in Gdansk last weekend among the Solidarity leadership was not about the shape of a future government, but on how the trade union movement and the parliamentary group can remain reasonably in tune—when the time is approaching in which the first Catholic prime minister will have to bring in a counter-inflationary policy. There is not one of these known which has been good for working-class living standards and, of course, both wings of the movement know it.

Within the political arena the spectrum of Solidarity runs from social democracy (they have had too much communism for anyone to have any faith in anything to the left of that—and they can often be a bit defensive about their residual leftism) to neo-liberalism. The bulk of the movement, including Walesa, is Christian Democrat, though taking more than most such movements from the Papal social teaching, especially the *Laborem Exercens* encyclical which counsels a coming together of capitalist and labour interests and is against extremes of both.

This has been of largely academic interest recently: now, these matters are likely to become urgent, as a movement which will soon be a governing power faces the fact that it has little in the way of a coherent economic programme and even less in the way of competent practical economists and others who know how a market system might work.

"May God help you build a completely independent Poland." That means much, in one of the few countries in the world where the majority probably do believe that God's help is essential to do just that. The portly and blazing figure of Father Jankowski has been a real, if to these lapsed Calvinist eyes baroque, inspiration to the masses who have been able to acclaim their faith, and faith it really is, in Solidarity. But can he keep the faith with a counter inflation policy? Or help them cling to the rock of ages as the market comes to Poland? ●

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Judah Passow/Network

To hell and back

A Belfast taxi takes Geoffrey Beattie to hear the fire and brimstone of Ian Paisley's Sunday sermon

It was a Sunday evening—wet and misty. The kind of weather that you can't easily see through, with car headlights emerging suddenly towards you. It was typical Belfast weather. The gunfire had, however, stopped. The previous evening I had stayed up to try to count the soft bangs in the distance. I lost count as sleep closed in. I couldn't tell how far away they were—probably not far in real, objective distance but in terms of how they measure distance in Belfast, they were very far away. "Not about 'the turn-of-the-road'," said my mother. "Not around here—possibly Ardoyne." Ardoyne is less than a mile away, but it's not here, not in our territory. Our territory had seen enough trouble recently. Our territory was resting.

I ordered the taxi to take me from my old home in North Belfast to The Martyrs' Memorial Free Presbyterian Church on the Ravenhill Road. "To where?" asked the switchboard operator of the local taxi service. "Paisley's church," I said. "Oh why didn't you say so?" he replied. "How far up the Ligoniel Road do you live by the way?" inquired the operator. I reassured him that it wasn't that far up. Past St Marks Church and we would be in a completely different territory—Catholic Ligoniel, a no-go area for this particular taxi firm. The cab duly arrived.

The driver scrutinised me as I got in. I was wearing a leather jacket, not because I was trying to make a statement of any kind, but because that was all I had with me to protect me from that kind of weather. "You're not one of Paisley's mob, then," he said immediately. I said that I wasn't. He then asked why I was going to hear the "Big Man". I said that it was out of interest. He asked me if I could remember his antics at the European Parliament about a year ago when he demonstrated against the Pope—or the "Anti-Christ" as Paisley likes to call him. I said that I had. The taxi driver thought that this was a *little* over the top, but then added that Paisley has a lot of followers in Northern Ireland, "who would agree with *anything* he did. There's nobody who could ever pull him, you know, his information's always right. He stands up to them."

There was a bit of a gap in the conversation, then he asked: "Are you sure you're not one of his followers?—Well, OK, here's a wee joke for you. The Pope, the Queen and Paisley were in a plane over Northern Ireland, and the Pope says 'I'll throw out something for my people', and he throws out some Holy water. The Queen says 'I'll throw out something for my people' and she throws out a few knighthoods. Paisley then stands up and booms 'I'll throw out something for my people', and throws out the Pope. What a

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cracker, eh?"

The Ravenhill Road seemed in the mist to be full of busy, bright churches. But Paisley's is the biggest and the brightest of them all. It was opened in October 1969, and is the largest Protestant church built in the UK since the war. It is also said to attract the largest Sunday evening congregation.

It was easy to see how the taxi driver told me apart from the regular congregation—all the men were in suits, all the women in hats. I was greeted several times on the way in by the Elders of the church, one man shook my hand so hard that I thought that he was trying to see if it came off. There was no security personnel, however. I don't know why this surprised me—you don't expect to have security searches at churches, even in Belfast, but then again Ian Paisley is no ordinary minister.

I was asked to sign the visitor's book several times. I was glad because it made a good read. Visitors arrive from all over the world to this church in East Belfast to hear the man that is prepared to stand up and shout "No surrender" at his followers. Not God and sinners, but religion and politics reconciled. A Union Jack stands at one side of the pulpit and The Red Hand of Ulster at the other, "Salvation to the Uttermost" says the banner to its right.

I sat downstairs. Here sat the old and infirm—pensioners in walking frames, widows preparing as best they could for the hereafter, helping each other into the pews. Widowers sitting alone, often dressed in suits that had seen better days. Up on the balcony things were different. Many young people dressed more for Ascot than Armageddon—trendy suits, fashionable frocks and hats. Paisley's appeal clearly extends across the economic, if not the political, spectrum.

And then suddenly the organ music started and there was the man in black—"the Big Man", "Big Ian", "the Reverend". (I'd even heard that since the European Parliament debacle Roman Catholics in Belfast had started to call him the "Anti-Christ".) He conducted the congregation with great expansive staccato hand movements to "*Come to the Saviour*"—but stopped the hymn after the first verse. "Hands up all those who weren't singing their very best," he boomed. There was an embarrassed laughter, but no one raised their hand. "Come on. BETTER!"

Now I've been to Charismatic Christian services in England, and I can understand the attraction of this movement which has revitalised the Protestant church on the mainland. It's easy to understand—the services are so joyful. But it's not joy that fuels the Free Presbyterian Church—it's fear and Hell and eternal damnation. And you certainly don't get away from hell in Paisley's services.

From the pulpit the Reverend told the story of how he was asked for his views about God and the hereafter for a book that was to be published. He got a laugh by mentioning that Archbishop Runcie and Ken Livingstone were also in it. "I was the only person to talk about HELL in the book. The only one." There were gasps from the congregation at the stupidity of all the others. He followed this with the story of Lazarus and his master. He dwelt on the "torment in the flame" of the master. I must confess that Paisley is a very effective orator, because at this point I felt myself getting very hot as the flames of Hell were mentioned over and over again. On the other hand, it might have been because I was trying to write notes during the service, and this was definitely attracting attention. He also told us that he had some X-rays taken after a demonstration, in which he sustained some damage to the base of his spine. "But the reformers suffered with their lives for their faith, so what's a few knocks?" He was constantly putting himself into a broader historical and geographical context. "We're not alone," he was saying to his flock.

This is something that Paisley does quite consistently. Just after the demonstration at the European Parliament, he apparently read out a series of letters from Barcelona and elsewhere congratulating him on "confronting the Evil One". He also received a letter at that time from an ex-Roman Catholic from Malta congratulating him "on seeing through the Pope's mask", which he read out. He was clearly very keen to promote the incident at Strasbourg and actually promoted a 90-minute tape about the protest, which included a sermon, and wrote a book called "*Anti-Christ*".

Paisley gave me a long hard look. 'It's not the oratory, it's the message, my friend, never forget the message'

Stuart Franklin/Magnum

But that was then. Your attention is only allowed to wander just so far in such services, and my feckless attention was pulled sharply back, by the Big Man booming from the pulpit, to the reality of the present service and more specifically to the part of the service "that everybody can take part in", namely the offering. Details of that morning's offering were given. Needless to say, it was substantial. The sermon followed hard on its heels—"there is a Hell", "there is a Hell of torment and fire". There wasn't much about love anywhere in the service.

I watched the faces of the pensioners twist and contort as the pains of Hell were spelt out in loving detail. He wanted all "back-sliders" to repent, all "Christ-rejectors" to repent. He wanted them to raise their hand, as we sang *The Old Rugged Cross*, at the end of the sermon. We sang three whole verses, but still nobody came forward. Perhaps there were no back-sliders in the congregation that night, although there were a lot of very worried faces.

After the service, the Reverend Paisley makes himself available to any member of the congregation who wishes to talk to him. I went along—almost instinctively, without any preparation—just to see him close up in the flesh, person-to-person. To try to understand him. The small anteroom felt exactly like a dentist's waiting room. The Elders of the church bustled about and kept smiling and inquiring as to what part of the United States I was from. "Sheffield, I kept saying, and North Belfast before that." They looked very disappointed.

Suddenly, it was my turn. I was led into the Minister's room by one of the Elders. Big Ian was waiting expectantly in the middle of the room. He shook my hand, and a long pause started to develop and grow. I had always wanted to see him in the flesh, and here I was face-to-face with the one enduring image of the Protestant people of Ulster—my people. I wanted to make an impression, to say something important. But I could feel my words getting tangled up inside me, even before they met the cold air of the room. My mind was closing down, save for one narrow slit. I now just wanted to say something meaningful. The words stumbled out, bumping into each other on the way. "I'd just like to say," I stammered, "that I think that you've got considerable skill at oratory, and that your sermon was very ... forceful. I... er... um noticed that your sermon was delivered in a series of three-part lists—structures, of course, which are very effective rhetorical devices. You know like, 'The Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit' or (I didn't want to blaspheme), 'A Mars a day helps you work, rest and play'. Very effective, I thought."

Paisley gave me a long, hard, slightly puzzled look, presumably trying to work out what on earth had managed to find its way into his room. "It's not the oratory, it's the message, my friend, never forget the message," he eventually replied. I said that I would try not to, and I was led solemnly out, accidentally banging his desk with my foot on the way. I could see that I'd made an impression alright.

But his message, as they say, had been loud and clear. I told the taxi-driver on the return journey to take me back to that hell-hole in North Belfast, where I'd grown up. For some reason it was the only joke that I cracked that whole evening. ●

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Patten's poser

The Tories are talking about the introduction of Green taxes. How should the left respond to this initiative, asks Michael Jacobs

Chris Patten was everyone's choice for Environment Secretary. He is young, able and speaks well on television. But in her anxiety to replace Nicholas Ridley Mrs Thatcher apparently overlooked Patten's other principal attribute. He is a fully paid-up wet: a genuine Tory left-winger.

That is the explanation for his publication last week of the report on sustainable development written for the Department of the Environment by David Pearce, Anil Markandya and Edward Barbier of the London Environmental Economics Centre. The report makes it absolutely clear that the "unfettered" free markets so beloved of the Tory right are not merely unable to improve the environment; they are the principal cause of its degradation.

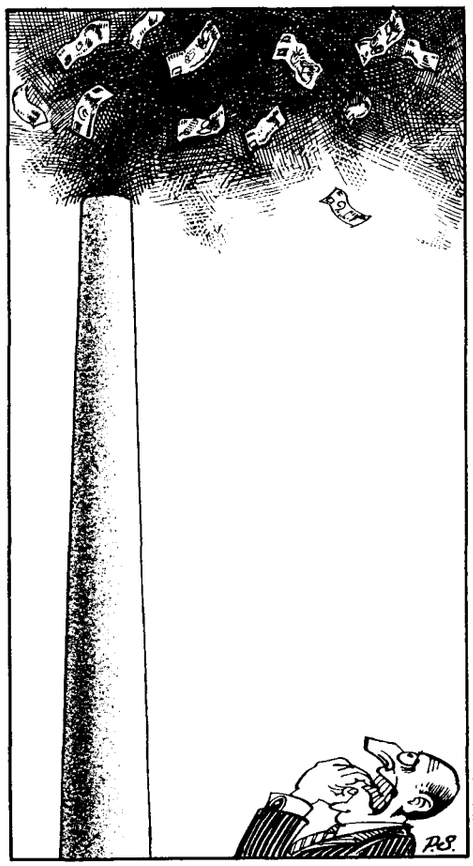
The report is therefore not the "hostage to fortune" for Patten that some environmentalists have supposed. Of course, the government will not suddenly implement the radical measures which Professor Pearce and his colleagues argue are required. But Patten can live with this: he will simply ensure that the blame is laid at the Prime Minister's door, not his. For him, the crucial thing is that the report gives the wets possibly the first convincing argument against free-market ideology for nearly ten years.

Make no mistake about this, Green politics mark the end of the Thatcherite experiment. As Pearce shows quite explicitly, only state intervention in the economy, in one form or another, can solve the ecological crisis. Market forces have to be controlled by governments—often on an international scale.

Some such control, of course, is quite compatible with Conservatism—of the old-style One Nation variety to which Patten adheres. In fact the only political position which it rules out is free-market Thatcherism: deregulatory, privatising and obsessed with national sovereignty. So the surprise conclusion of our Green summer is that interventionism is back.

The intervention Pearce advocates is "environmental taxation". By taxing environmentally-unfriendly activities such as pollution and resource depletion their costs will rise, so people will do less of them. Greener alternatives will become relatively cheaper. Adjusted by fiscal policy the market will work efficiently to improve the environment, he argues.

This espousal of "market-based incentives" has confused both the press and the Labour Party, who have assumed that it is a right-wing policy. Labour has recoiled from the word "market" like Dracula from the cross, its leaders declaring that regulation (use of the law), rather than taxation (use of the market), is the way to improve the environment.



Peter Schrank

The moral here is fundamental for the left. It is the distinction between "market forces" and "markets". Market forces occur at the macro level of the economy when no one is planning the overall outcome: when it is left to the combined result of separate decisions by firms and consumers. By contrast a "market" is simply a mechanism—at the micro level of an individual product. Markets generate market forces when they are unregulated. However, if governments systematically intervene in markets through taxes and subsidies, market forces may be superseded: the government can *plan* the overall outcome.

Contrary to widespread belief, therefore, markets and planning are not opposites. It is market forces—in this case, the unplanned ecological effects of economic activity—which are the problem.

Green taxes are a good example of how planning can be achieved by adjusting markets to secure desired outcomes. Why shouldn't we, for instance, make it more expensive, by taxes, to buy a detergent that is non-biodegradable? In fact, there is no single policy which can be applied to every environmental problem. As the rest of Europe (where environmental taxation is fairly widespread, and is supported by socialist parties) has already found out, regulation works better in some cases, taxation in others.

This is not to say that on environmental policy there is nothing to divide wet Tories from socialists. There is. The critical question is not taxes versus regulations, but how environmental costs and benefits are *distributed*. That is, who enjoys a good environment—and who pays for it? Professor Pearce and his colleagues flunk this issue: it gets a single paragraph in 181 pages. Yet, it will dominate conflict between left and right in the next two decades.

The right will ensure that the rich can buy a good environment, while the poor get second best—just as in health and education. The left will seek to ensure that the benefits of the environment are more equally distributed and that the rich pay proportionately more to secure them.

This could be done in a variety of ways. Most obviously, income taxation could be made more progressive, so that the poor have more disposable income to pay environmental taxes. In some cases a product might be brought within the public sector and subsidised. The obvious example is transport: if rail and bus fares are reduced and the system paid for out of general taxation, the poor will gain proportionately more, and pay less, than the rich. (The reverse is about to happen with water metering).

Additionally, victims of change can be compensated. Environmental protection will create many jobs in energy conservation, pollution control, recycling and other sectors. But it will also cause some losses. A Labour government would have to ensure that new environmentally benign industries were developed to replace them, using the proceeds of Green taxes for investment.

Although not mentioned by Pearce, these sorts of questions are being discussed elsewhere. Valuable work, for example, is being done by the new left-wing think tank, the Institute of Public Policy Research.

At a recent Institute seminar, policy makers, trade unionists, politicians and academics from several European countries explored the implications of different environmental policy instruments from the left. A current research project is investigating the distributional impact of charging for private road use: there is evidence that bus users are the worst-hit by congestion.

Unfortunately, there is little inkling in Labour's Policy Review or in the public comments of its leaders that the idea of integrating environmental with economic policy has yet penetrated the Labour party. Who will be Labour's Chris Patten? ●

Michael Jacobs teaches economics in the Dept of Adult Education at the University of Southampton. He is the author (with Victor Anderson) of "The Green Economy: On Environment, Work and the Future" (Pluto Press, forthcoming)

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Moving right for Jesus

The British churches are increasingly divided, not on doctrinal lines, but political ones. Kenneth Leech reports

Despite media talk of a "leftward shift" of the churches in Britain, a far more significant phenomenon in recent years has been a resurgence of the British Christian right. But this movement is a complex and confused creature. Its only common elements are fear and intolerance; and it includes people of widely differing theological perspectives.

First, there are the evangelical/fundamentalist and pentecostal movements, heavily influenced by North American theology and style, which have seen a significant revival in the middle-class suburban areas. Their followers believe strongly in sin, in the need for strong laws based on moral principles, a rigid approach to sexuality, and a resistance to all forms of secularism. Elements of the Thatcherite "spiritual" interpretation of Christianity fit well with this position.

Second, there is a Catholic authoritarian tradition which stresses hierarchy in church and state. Historically it has found support for regimes such as those of Franco and even Mussolini. Today it is heavily financed and mobilised to undermine and discredit liberation theology in South America. While theologically poles apart from protestant fundamentalism, in their fear of communism and their concern for a stable moral order, the two traditions have much in common.

Third, there is the vaguer Christian tradition associated with "middle Anglicanism" which is more concerned with the status of the church (by which it means the Church of England) as the religious arm of the establishment than with its actual beliefs. In fact, the less it believes the better—as long as it preserves inequalities and upholds "traditional" values. This is the "Tory party at prayer" tradition which, in spite of the media claims, still represents the political allegiance of the bulk of Anglicans.

It is the "fundamentalist" element which has attracted most attention, particularly in the US. American fundamentalism has always been a deeply conservative movement. It is only since 1967 that the theory of evolution has been able to be taught in Tennessee schools and only as one theory alongside that of "special creation". But there have been two main strands in fundamentalist politics. One is a basically individualistic and other-worldly one, dominated by a belief in individual salvation and in the imminent personal return of Christ. This often involves a lack of interest in "worldly" affairs, leading paradoxically to a strong support for the status quo.

However, since 1976 a more politically active type of fundamentalism has emerged which seeks to rescue America from the clutches of secular liberalism and to claim "dominion" over the social order. This includes the "Christian Reconstructionists" who aim to capture existing institutions and Christianise them. Both types of fundamentalism have always taken a strong and punitive "moral" line with particular stress on homosexuality, the position of women, and, recently, abortion, but in the last decade it is the militants who have become dominant. While fundamentalism is much more central to mainstream American religion than it is in Britain, most forms of American fundamentalism have their British equivalents.

Judy Stevens

But the rise of the hard right is not the only feature of recent evangelical history. We have seen in the inner cities in both Britain and the US the growth of a new breed of radical evangelical, influenced by such figures as David Sheppard, Bishop of Liverpool, and Jim Wallis of the Sojourners Community in Washington, DC. Wallis's strong opposition to nuclear weapons, racism, and US policy in Central America has made him a key figure in the evangelical left and has led to alliances between evangelicals and the radical wings of other churches. But it would be unwise to build too much on this. The anti-socialist element in fundamentalism is as old as its anti-Darwinism. The radicals are swimming against a heavy tide.

Today, the black-led churches are of crucial importance in the future of the Christian right: in many inner urban areas of Britain, most practising Christians are black. The government has tried to nurture those elements within the black church which are more amenable to a Thatcherite and enterprise view of Christianity, and the growth of Evangelical Enterprise (EE), with substantial sums of money from the Department of Trade and Industry and the Home Office, has been a significant ideological achievement. When he launched EE in April 1987 as a consultancy on employment issues, Kenneth Clarke described it as "a major breakthrough in reaching out to the strong organisations of black churches in the task force areas and securing their involvement in the task of rebuilding the inner city economy".

The theology behind EE seems to be an uncritical acceptance of the enterprise culture which fits in well with traditional protestant individualism and with the "prosperity gospel" which associates the acquisition of wealth with divine blessing.

However, in tension with the individualist/

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enterprise/other-worldly tradition, there is a black liberation theology tradition and we may well see in the next few years a powerful radical black church movement. In the meantime, however, some black Christians will play their part in strengthening the forces of the right. It was significant that when the leading black socialist theologian Cornel West visited Britain recently it was at the invitation of the British Film Institute and the black churches did not notice his presence.

A large segment of the new Christian right is not fundamentalist or evangelical at all. The Christian defenders of Thatcherism include Calvinists such as Brian Griffiths, and Anglo-Catholics such as John Selwyn Gummer and Caroline Cox as well as a majority of representatives of "civil religion" associated with the non-dogmatic, only semi-sacramental and essentially Tory world of middle Anglicanism. It is this type of Anglicanism, the religion of fox-hunting, remembrance Sundays and choral matins with not much in the way of belief, that best reflects the ethos of the government. The church is valued primarily not for its witness to truth or its spirituality but its moral cement for the social order. Not for nothing is Mrs Thatcher's favourite hymn "I vow to thee my country" and it probably does represent the theology of the government fairly accurately.

The various think tanks and journals of the right which have taken the defence of the church on to their agenda are not fundamentalist either. Their closest US equivalents are groups such as the Institute for Religion and Democracy, which receives massive funding from the American Enterprise Institute. However, there are no real British parallels to American right-wing theologians such as Richard Neuhaus, Michael Novak and Ernest Lefever (the last two were spokesmen on human rights under Reagan). It is not clear, for instance, if Roger Scruton is a Christian at all, but he certainly sees the Church of England as playing a key role in his conservative vision for society.

Much of the polemic against "liberal" or "Marxist" influences in the church (the terms are used interchangeably and with varying degrees of inaccuracy) which one finds in journals of the right draws on a very small range of writers and pamphlets by relatively obscure writers such as Rachel Tingle (who has co-authored material with Baroness Cox) and Bernard Smith (a retired schoolteacher in Worthing whose attacks on the World Council of Churches appear in many right-wing articles). Names such as these are probably unknown outside Christian right circles.

There are close parallels here in the secular right's coverage of race where the same quotes and sources reappear constantly. Some right-wing intellectuals have been propelled out of obscurity during the Thatcher years. Two examples are Dr Digby Anderson, the sociologist who runs the Social Affairs Unit and edited a rather poor volume called *The Kindness That Kills*, a critique of the church's social record; and Dr William Oddie, a high church clergyman of markedly anti-feminist views who writes on religion for the *Daily Telegraph*. But there is not much serious theological reflection here.

It is not clear to what extent, if at all, Thatcher or Hurd are influenced by any of these people, or are interested in what they are saying. It used to be said that Thatcher's favourite cleric was Dr Edward Norman, formerly Dean of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and author of the notorious Reith Lectures of 1978. But Norman has undergone something of a metamorphosis of late, and has produced a very sensitive and sympathetic book on the Victorian Christian socialists and some very compassionate and helpful writing on homosexuality and Aids.

It is very likely that, unlike Reaganism, there are no significant theological influences behind Thatcherism but rather a simple individualism, a belief in original sin, and in free choice as the essence of Christianity. If there is a "theologian" behind Mrs Thatcher it is Samuel Smiles—though, ironically, she derives some of her economic ideas from the Anglican clergymen Malthus and Paley. Mrs Thatcher rarely quotes the Bible, but one of her favourite texts is "Render unto Caesar". She appears to think (quite wrongly) that this means God and Caesar have equal and separate realms. Unlike Reagan she does not need to nourish and accommodate a vast fundamentalist population—not yet at any rate.

One of the universal themes of the new right in its Christian and secular forms is a rejection of the creativity and the limited reforms of the sixties, that era of "permissive claptrap". The sixties was the era when Michael Ramsey, one of the greatest theologians and spiritual leaders of the century, was Archbishop of Canterbury. It was Ramsey who steered the Sexual Law Reform Act through the Lords, who fiercely opposed the racist immigration legislation of 1962 and 1968, and who warned, as no other archbishop has done, of the dangers of fundamentalism of the Billy Graham type to the Christian social conscience.

Today the sixties are under fire, and one of the citadels of reaction is the tragic Diocese of London where a paranoia about the ordination of women, a fierce anti-homosexual stance (though the diocese would collapse without its gay clergy) and a narrow and backward type of "traditionalism" has created a very unhealthy atmosphere.

Marx once said that the Church of England would sooner abandon 38 of its 39 articles than one 39th of its income. His words are a reminder that in religion, as in politics, it is as important to examine whose interests people represent as what they actually say. The political role of the Christian right is one of defence and reconstruction of a power structure in which the mighty are maintained in their seats and the poor and lowly are cast down.

So a new kind of division has emerged among the churches which does not run along traditional doctrinal lines. It is between those who stand by the poor and downtrodden and those who do not. None of this means that theology does not matter. But it does mean that, as the liberation theologian Juan Luis Segundo says, theology is the second step: the first step is a commitment to human justice. And this, ironically, is a deeply traditional position. For in ancient Christian thought, both facts and truth were things that were done rather than held. ●

Kenneth Leech is an Anglican priest and is director of the Runnymede Trust

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Sunset over Damascus

Is Beirut burning to save the face of President Asad? Patrick Seale dissects the role of Syria in the killing of the Lebanese

This summer's ferocious battle for Lebanon is not just a contest between a bullying Syrian Goliath and a plucky Christian David, as some have sought to portray it. Nor is it a local affair of interest only to the Lebanese. The crisis is part of a much wider pattern of events, involving most of the major Middle East players as well as external powers with interests in the region. It is a regional, even an international, contest, fought for very high stakes.

Popperfoto

Posters of Asad in Lebanon, where his peacemaker image has faded fast

Syria is a major player in the drama. Beleaguered and challenged as never before in his long career, President Hafiz al-Asad is being forced to fight a rearguard action whose outcome could well determine the fate of his regime. His posture is defensive rather than offensive. His proxy war against General Michel Aoun, boss of the Christian Maronite enclave in Lebanon, and the terrible hardships inflicted on the population of Beirut, have earned him much international opprobrium. The Pope has called it genocide. But beyond that, the fighting has shown up deep flaws in Asad's foreign policy.

The poignancy of this particular trial of strength is that it occurs at a time when Asad and his team are showing signs of age and strain after 20 years in power. The inescapable question is whether Asad has entered his twilight years.

Asad's present difficulties can best be understood if set against the goals he has striven to achieve. The grand design which took shape ten years ago in the wake of Egypt's peace treaty with Israel, and which has sustained his policies ever since, now looks tattered. He had three major objectives. The first was to establish Syria as a regional power of the first rank, on a par with Egypt and Iraq. There were historical reasons for this ambition. Syrians have unhappy memories of being kicked back and forth in the 1940s and 1950s, like a political football, in the old rivalry between Cairo and Baghdad. No one today can doubt Syria's regional weight or ignore its interests with impunity.

To climb to his present position in the inter-Arab power stakes, Asad needed to curtail the influence of Egypt and Iraq in the Arab heartlands: to shut them out of the Levant which he saw as his own sphere of influence. To a great extent Egypt and Iraq did the job for him. Egypt withdrawing into isolation for a decade after the 1978 Camp David accords, and Iraq becoming wholly absorbed in its long struggle with Iran.

But in addition, Asad had to enforce his writ on his immediate Levantine neighbours—Lebanon, Jordan and the Palestinians—to bring them into line under his leadership. Although some talked of his "Greater Syria" ambitions, it is more accurate to say that he conceived of an Arab Levant in the orbit of Damascus, strong enough to have a say in the world and fight off the unwelcome encroachments of outsiders.

Of all these outsiders, Israel was by far the most menacing. Demonstrably stronger than any Arab combination, militarily and technologically, it compelled its Arab neighbours to live in fear of attack. Of the principal Arab states, Syria was the most exposed. Israel's seizure of the Golan plateau in 1967 put Damascus under permanent siege.

Asad's second great ambition, therefore, was to devise the means to contain Israel. With Soviet help he built up his armed forces to create a credible deterrent, and, equally importantly, he fought off repeated Israeli attempts to turn his flank, militarily and politically. So when Israel invaded Lebanon in 1982 and attempted to install in Beirut a puppet regime under Beshir Gemayel, which would have posed a deadly threat to Syria's security, he mobilised a successful counter-attack. Beshir Gemayel was killed, the American embassy blown up, the Marines slaughtered, and Israeli forces harried by the Lebanese resistance until they were forced to fall back to a self-styled security zone in the border area.

In the following years, Asad was also successful in forcefully dissuading King Hussein of Jordan from striking a separate deal with Israel which, he argued, would have fragmented and balkanised Syria's strategic environment, leaving the Arab Levant, and especially the Palestinians, at Israel's mercy. Certainly he would claim that had he not stood firm in the 1980s against Israel's military and diplomatic forays in Lebanon and Jordan, there could today have been no *intifada*.

Asad's third great ambition followed from the second. It was to force the United States and Israel to accept that partial settlements between Israel and its weaker neighbours, such as Israel had traditionally sought and Washington encouraged, were by their nature destabilising.

Instead Asad argued that real peace, as well as international legality, required a comprehensive settlement involving an Israeli withdrawal from all territory occupied in 1967 as prescribed by Security Council Resolution 242, Palestinian statehood and the return or compensation of the refugees.

There was a further plank to his programme. In his vision, a durable peace needed to be underpinned by a regional balance of power between Israel on the one hand and an Arab bloc comprising Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and the Palestinians on the other. This notion seemed to be part, at least, of his proclaimed search for "strategic parity" with Israel.

What, then, has gone wrong with the vision? Analytically powerful and even convincing as it may be, it has aroused furious opposition from Israel as well as from Asad's Arab rivals and would-be allies, so that today little of it is left intact.

Israel, inevitably, remains wholly opposed to a withdrawal on all fronts, to a comprehensive settlement, to Palestinian national aspirations, or to any form of strategic balance with its Arab neighbours. Wrestling to put down the *intifada* by military means or to defuse it with Prime Minister Shamir's proposals for elections leading to limited Palestinian autonomy, Israel is overjoyed at Asad's problems.

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The fighting in Beirut has highlighted deep flaws in Asad's foreign policy

But Asad has as much to fear from his Arab rivals as from Israel. Freed from the burdens of the Gulf War, Iraq has now re-entered the Levant with a vengeance. The Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein is lending open and massive support to General Aoun's Christian separatists in a bid to expel Iranian influence from Lebanon and to punish Syria for its alliance with Iran in the Gulf War. Clearly Baghdad hopes not just to embarrass Damascus but to use General Aoun as a battering ram with which to bring down Asad's regime. Asad's muscular response—the intense bombardment of Christian held areas—must be seen in this light.

Less aggressively than Iraq but still threatening to Syria's ambitions, Egypt is also back in the Middle East game, its ten years of isolation at an end. The more influence President Mubarak manages to exert, both regionally and internationally, the more Asad will feel constrained.

Worse still from Asad's point of view are the rebellions he is facing from the three lesser Arab players whom he had hoped to bring under his sway—Jordan, the PLO and Lebanon. King Hussein of Jordan, who had long managed a delicate balancing act between Asad and Saddam Hussein, even trying at times to reconcile these old enemies, has now clearly sided with Baghdad. Seeking protection from Syrian pressure, he had been the prime mover in setting up the Arab Cooperation Council of Iraq, Jordan and Egypt (and North Yemen), an axis Asad clearly regards as hostile.

The PLO's Yasser Arafat has also rebelled against Asad's tutelage, striking out on his own with his eye-catching peace initiative. Appealing to the Israelis to open direct talks, he has been telling anyone who cares to listen—the Americans, the Europeans—that the Syrians can safely be left out of the peace process for the time being.

To Asad's disappointment, the Bush administration—which he certainly rates higher than its predecessor—shows no enthusiasm for a comprehensive settlement, little inclination to put pressure on Israel to withdraw from southern Lebanon let alone the Golan Heights. The administration focuses all its diplomacy on Shamir's election plan for the West Bank and Gaza which Asad dismisses as a transparent device to perpetuate Israeli control.

But of all the rebellions against him, that by General Michel Aoun, leader of Christian Lebanon, is by far the most damaging. Aoun has driven Asad into making a brutal response, thereby underming his reputation further and highlighting the failure of his 13 years of "peacekeeping". He is a formidable enemy because he commands a well-equipped professional army, and because he enjoys powerful external backing. But he has also mobilised a widespread Lebanese impatience with the Syrian presence as well as a more particular Christian fear of being swamped by the Muslims.

At issue in the conflict is the place of the Maronites in a future Lebanon. Accounting for only 20 per cent of the population, they cannot hope to recapture their former supremacy over all other Lebanese communities, and especially over the Shi'ites and Druzes, battle-hardened by the civil war. So the Maronites have retreated into a small breakaway statelet of some 300 square miles under General Aoun, a champion of Maronite separatism under the cloak of his "war of national liberation" against Syria.

Asad is totally opposed to Christian secession because he rightly sees that it would give his enemies, and principally Israel and Iraq, an opening for permanent intervention in his backyard. He wants a united Lebanon in Syria's orbit. Hence Syrian pressure on all Lebanese communities to devise a power-sharing formula which would guarantee the Maronites a place, if no longer a dominant one, in the system, while making more room for the Druzes and especially the Shi'ites, the country's largest but least represented community.

Last week Aoun hinted for the first time that he would consider political reforms *before* a Syrian withdrawal, a concession which might just open the way for a compromise.

But only an incurable optimist could believe that, having smelled blood, Asad's many enemies will slacken their assault on him or that he will not endeavour to give as good as he gets. Asad may be in trouble but there is evidently still plenty of fight left in him.

The "hot" summer in the Middle East is likely to continue into the autumn and beyond. ●

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POLITICAL COLUMN

The pretenders

Two new candidates have joined the race for the Tory succession

Nobody has quite said so, but surely everyone has noticed: we have for the first time in a decade a serious succession race in the Conservative Party.

Somebody new will probably become leader of that party in the next two or three years. The Prime Minister's age, 63, makes that likely, her fierce, animated little rages against the widening circle of people who have proved unworthy of her makes it more likely. However, one would not want to have to rely on the high-tensile balsawood of Conservative courage for her quittance. But the availability of a fit and credible raft of succession candidates generates a new preoccupation with the future.

Edward Pearce

In the frame are Michael Heseltine and Kenneth Baker, a hare in boxing gloves and a cross-country tortoise with a fixed motor. John Major is the new talk topic, the lady's own choice. Chris Patten, once in the cabinet, was always likely to emerge as a candidate for leading it. Some, of course, would never have deleted the name of Geoffrey Howe. But if the reshuffle did nothing else it surely established that the unmovable could be moved, that demotion gets a garland and that Howe is playing out time. Spare a tiny Chinese tear.

Baker, cool on the inside, and Heseltine, astonishingly popular with parliamentarians and rank and file, but essentially candidate for leader of the opposition in the worst scenario, could each command a piece of the action. Here it may be wise to look at their new rivals.

The Major career is astounding. The line of ascent: junior social security minister, whip, Treasury whip, chief secretary (leapfrogging his own hope of chief whip) and now Foreign Secretary, is dazzling—misleadingly like the early career of David Owen.

The least useful comparison, however, is with John Moore. The journalist's impulse for cliché leaps at the chance to say "Golden Boy" and prophesy a similar dissolution of an oversold property. Such smart discounting is simply dead wrong. Major and Moore have affinities at the shallowest levels. The failure of Moore is profoundly instructive. Despite an impressive talent for business, Moore suffered at all times from a sense of inferiority. Like Major he had an underprivileged background (in an Essex pub), and had climbed high and fast, but he never quite believed in his own success.

He needed Mrs Thatcher, not just as patron and promoter but as the giver of approval. In the process he neglected easy relations with party colleagues who quite hated him. The folly and inequity of the social security rejig was not so much cold heartedness as a desire to overfulfil his quota for the confirmer of his merits, the Great Leader. Never his own man, Moore picked a fight on savings exemptions with the interests of Conservative voters, and Tory backbenchers killed him in an afternoon. The beloved leader with her usual ferocious unilateralism left him for dogmeat.

Major, whatever his flaws may prove to be, simply isn't like that. Agreement with the Prime Minister may be calculated or coincidental, but it fills no need in his psyche. That psyche has few needs. The resultant serenity keeps him out of quarrels. Moore, also at the Treasury, had to sell himself to the press as "Mr Privatisation". Major, on the other hand, never bothered with hype; he just did the whip's job so well that everyone noticed. The outcome of this was Nigel Lawson's rage at his Economic Secretary and desire to bring his cool-headed whip into the cabinet.

> *The Major career is astounding. The line of ascent is dazzling—misleadingly like the early David Owen's*

Major must now organise himself so as not to look like a Thatcher invention. The Foreign Office invests him with her quarrels and hang-ups, it also makes him look a Crown favourite. Even so the man is a born diplomat. He will pick up Thatcher's actually very rational conflict with the EC and strip it of her symphonic paranoia. Watch him being courteous to M Delors and M Mitterand. Such diplomacy has to be conducted with an eye on the parliamentary punters. Just at this moment, the division between sacramental Europeans and the critics of recent developments (Delors, EMS and so on) is more important than the dry/wet division. Thatcher's allies on this topic are not confined to the right or her personal friends, witness the views of Terence Higgins and Peter Tapsell. The balance is agonising to a Foreign Secretary candidate for leader.

The contrast with Chris Patten is evident. Patten may have been left sweating as a perpetual Minister of State (lying in state as it is sometimes called). But he has now the wonderful brief of Environment-after-Ridley and the pleasure of inheriting Thatcher's submission to the Green position. He has only to come down for the Nimbies, to slap listing notices down on demolitions with the abandon of Michael Heseltine and to pursue his own instincts which are amiable, slightly regulatory and resistant to a high-cement diet.

Patten has something else working for him. His ideological position has not been as cannily discreet as Major's; it hasn't needed to be. He is a clear-cut wet who has been loyal. In the interim he will defer to Baker, an old friend, but the Patten faction exists. He comes into the cabinet for the first time as a full contender.

Like Major he owes a lot to his good nature. After the Thatcher years of mid-morning liquidations and after all that spilt Wesleyan fierce purpose, good humour is back in fashion. The search is on for the highest tranquility quotient.

We edge towards a situation in which Major runs for the right like a hired Sicilian jockey in the Palio, while Patten, after service as Baker's adjutant, hears the demand that he too with his appeal to the younger men, should offer himself as the representative of the left, probably with a dab of heavy duty Europe on the side. Heseltine matters only in calamity—in which case he matters an awful lot.

That broadly, is the line-up, with Euro-federalism, the EMS and Delors playing an extraordinarily big part in British domestic politics. Being Green is easy; being nice to the Soviets or the Bolivians is also easy; playing Europe so as to take a high percentage in that conflict without being forced by Thatcher's daily pressures into the status of "battler against Brussels" is extremely hard.

The real issue is whether Major's great finger-end sensibility and Baker's need to win an election in the teeth of actual party ratings will confound one or other or both during a struggle with Patten, who needs only to smile, keep off cigarettes and talk sweetly to the trees.

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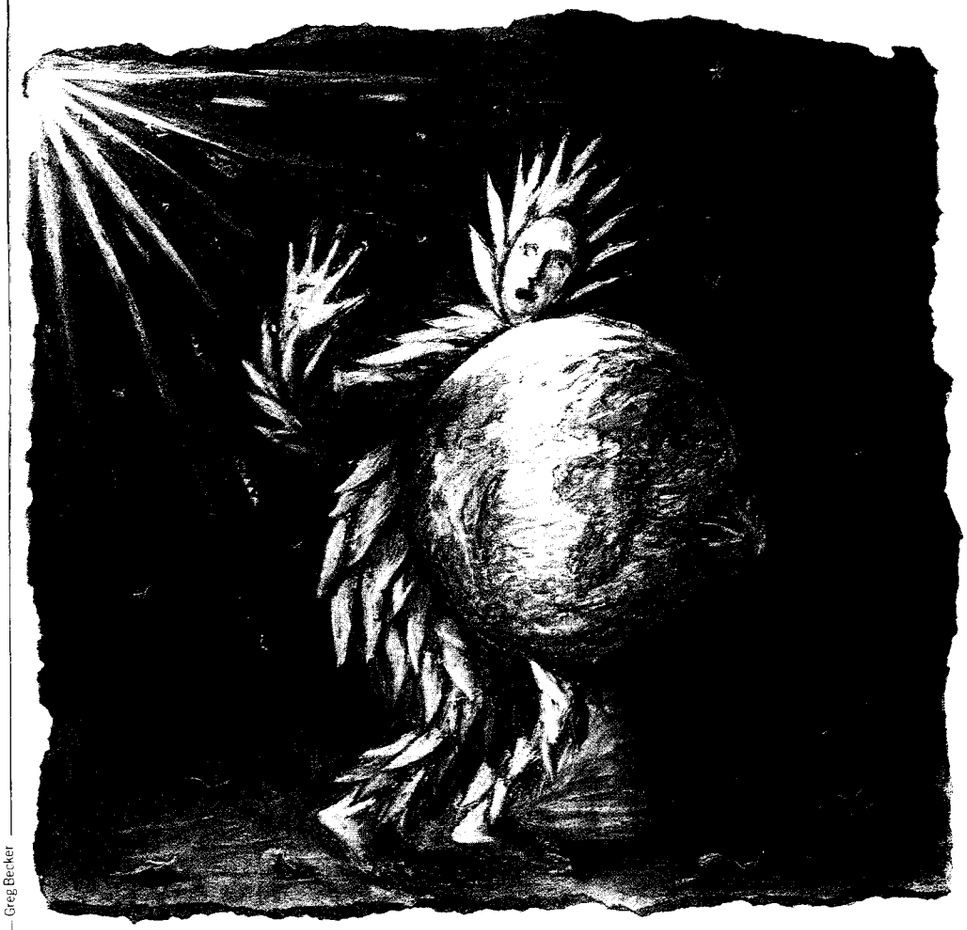
Protect and survive

As another pollution scandal muddies the Mersey, Colleen Shannon asks if we need a big, green watchdog



Greg Becker

As Chris Patten entered his new office at the Department of the Environment, he stumbled straight away over the proverbial baby on the doorstep. Nobody knows where it came from. Nobody knows what to call it. Nobody knows what to do with it and nobody wants to pay its way from cradle-to-grave.

The government likes to call this problem child "special" waste, as if it had a place close to our hearts. But happy euphemism will no longer do. Here, and in other areas, Britain's environmental policies come under public scrutiny as dormant confusions are dragged to the surface.

The Greenpeace blockade of a poisonous polychlorinated biphenyl (PCB) shipment, destined for incineration in the UK, stirred doubts about the importation of hazardous waste and waste disposal practices (see *NSS*, "Toxic Shock", 18 August). Other crises also raise questions of authority and responsibility. Who, with the new National Rivers Authority still in embryo, will oversee the clean up of the oil slick that spread over the river Mersey last weekend? Who will monitor the long-term ecological consequences, and who will ensure Shell Oil fulfils its promise to pay for the damage?

Sceptics doubt that the DOE has the resources to develop and enforce a comprehensive pollution control programme. Last week Chris Patten re-floated Dr David Pearce's proposal to tax environmentally damaging products, but cash punishments are no substitute for unified policy and effective organisation (see Patten's poser, p12).

Support for an independent Environmental Protection Commission (EPC) runs strong, not only among activists but in industry and at Westminster. In February, the House of Commons Environment Committee, chaired by Sir Hugh Rossi, recommended the establishment of an EPC. The idea was greeted with approval by industry representatives like Henry Pullen of the waste disposal firm Cleanaway, who considers an EPC "the only efficient, credible and cost-effective answer". The DOE rejected the proposal out of hand, in a move Pullen called "ill-conceived". Perhaps, Sir Hugh speculated, the difficulty lies in "persuading the DOE it must let go part of its empire".

The committee concluded that an EPC could handle waste disposal more effectively than the 199 local authorities in the UK. Other proponents believe an agency with some clout might tackle toxic waste before it becomes a problem. Greenpeace wants producers to assume a cradle-to-grave liability for waste, and holds that compulsory audits and waste reduction represent the best solution. "Until there's legislation," says spokeswoman Madeline Cobbing, "there's no way that's going to happen." In the US, the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has forced industry to adopt waste minimisation strategies. During a recent visit, Sir Hugh found that chemical industry representatives pursued minimisation grudgingly at first, but warmed to the idea as increased efficiency boosted profits.

Such projects are only a small part of the American agency's mandate. The EPA also monitors and regulates air and water quality, enforces controls over radiation, pesticides, toxic substances and waste disposal, provides emergency technical assistance and conducts research. It cooperates with a wide range of other Federal agencies, and operates ten regional offices to aid local involvement. It also sues polluters through the courts.

For those who reject the American model as inappropriate, there is an example closer to home. The European Community has already established several working parties to sound out a structure for a European agency. Its proposed functions include monitoring and enforcement, and the authority to inspect pollution hot spots. However, "the bias will probably be towards a role of information-gatherer", says Jonathan Hewett of the Institute for European Environmental Policy. He foresees an expansion of the EC's pilot database, and suggests the agency could correlate international data, provide reports and issue policy advice.

A British EPC with a similarly limited advisory role might at least bridge abysmal information gaps, and not only in the area of toxic waste. Earlier this month, a coalition of environmental,

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consumer and industry groups urged six government ministers, including Patten, to tighten pesticides regulation procedures. Among other things, they called for a national pesticide incident monitoring scheme. Currently, deaths and illness attributed to pesticides are tallied by four separate agencies, and the agrochemical industry complains that manufacturers sometimes wait for up to one year to learn of results. An EPC would be a clear candidate for the job of administering the scheme.

The bulk of responsibility for pesticide regulation falls on the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food (MAFF). As Peter Beaumont of the Pesticides Trust points out, EC pesticide registration plans were in effect the nucleus of the European initiative on a unified agency. The trust has lobbied for a British EPC. Beaumont states: "We're not challenging the goodwill of people who work so hard to police pesticides for little remuneration, but MAFF just isn't equipped to do the job."

Some of those people are working (very hard and with scant remuneration) at MAFF's pesticide Data Evaluation Unit at Harpenden. With a budget of around £1 million, 80 per cent from charges to manufacturers, and a staff allotment of 58 (44 posts are currently filled), the unit is responsible for reviewing more than 100 "older" pesticides approved before 1965, often without comprehensive testing. MAFF says the review will take a decade. Other sources place the estimate closer to 20 years. In the meantime, the unit also reviews new applications.

There is a backlog of about 40 compounds, and industry claims new pesticides, which are often more "benign", are passing at about the rate of two or three a year. Most new applications wait 40 weeks before a full evaluation begins, although the staff try to vet incomplete applications, and divert suitable cases to a faster stream. This situation represents an improvement; after registration became mandatory in 1986, waiting time peaked at 90 weeks.

A visit to the unit failed to reveal the "Victorian conditions" described by industry, but the sheer volume of information and the lack of computer technology are daunting. The old files alone, director Dr David Martin explains, take up 215 metres of shelf space. They are stored at another facility. Consultants are assembling a computer system, but transferring the records will be expensive and time-consuming. The work itself is exacting, explains chief toxicologist Dr Mike Watson: "It's not something you can give to a computer, and you can't do it in a couple of months." Dr Martin admits his staff feel under a tremendous amount of pressure. Dr Watson, who traded a dozen years of industry experience for the chance to influence long-term policy, filled a post that had been vacant for a year.

Simply turning such projects over to a new agency will solve nothing. While the Green Alliance supports the concept of an EPC, spokeswoman Julie Hill is sceptical. She says the mere creation of a new body "won't improve the system at all if it's as under-resourced as our current agencies". Peter Beaumont shares these reservations: "The biggest battle is not to set up an EPC, but to resource it."

Welfare Watch

Pot luck

Tony Lynes reports on a long-running single payments farce

In the golden days before April 1988, people on supplementary benefit could claim single payments for furniture and other major items of expenditure. Now single payments have gone, leaving only social fund payments (mainly loans) in their place. It was not a change for the better, but anyone who feels a nostalgic longing for their return should note two decisions (CSB/730/87 and CSB/947/88) by a tribunal of social security commissioners.

In August 1986, as a prelude to abolition, new regulations repealed the long list of furniture and other household goods for which single payments could be made and substituted a much shorter list, covering little more than beds, mattresses, cookers and heaters. Everything else—carpets, curtains, tables, chairs, cupboards, pots, pans and dishes—was lumped together as "miscellaneous furniture and household equipment", for which a fixed sum of £75 was allowed, but only if a claimant was moving into unfurnished accommodation. For good measure, regulation 30, under which single payments could be made in order to avoid serious risk to health or safety, was amended to exclude such items.

In December 1987 a tribunal of commissioners drove the proverbial coach and horses through this ban, deciding that a claim for a single item of furniture or equipment could not be "miscellaneous" for this purpose, and could therefore be allowed if needed on health or safety grounds. Even a claim for more than one item might be allowable; the adjudication officer would have to decide whether it was miscellaneous or not.

From then on, numerous claims for carpets, curtains, chairs, etc, were allowed under regulation 30. Adjudication officers, appeal tribunals and commissioners tied themselves in knots deciding what combination of items were or were not miscellaneous. Over a year after the abolition of single payments, the commissioners were still catching up on the backlog of appeals.

Meanwhile, however, a Northern Ireland social security commissioner dealing with a similar appeal had reached the opposite conclusion, that anything not actually mentioned in the restricted list of items for which grants were available (beds, cookers, and so on) was "miscellaneous" and could not be the subject of a regulation 30 payment. That decision was confirmed by the Northern Ireland appeals court which, in fact, went further than the commissioner and held that regulation 30 payments could not be made for any furniture.

The British commissioners, in their two recent decisions, accepted that the Irish court's ruling was binding on them. In any appeals still remaining to be decided, therefore, payments will not be awarded on health or safety grounds—unless, of course, somebody appeals to the English court of appeal and wins, in which case the end of this saga may not be in sight.

Policing

Trial and error

David Upshal on the background to this year's Carnival conflict

"Each year when they talk about Carnival they talk about trouble," complained an elderly West Indian resident of Notting Hill, west London, when asked about this weekend's festival. "Carnival's not a trouble," he protested, gold tooth gleaming in the sun, "Carnival is a pleasure. People should remember that."

He has a point. The enduring media images of Carnival—aside from the obligatory police office serenading a portly black woman—is of bottle-throwing youths, organisational incompetence, pick-pocketing, even murder. In fact, after 24 years of Carnival, with up to a million people attending each year, there has been one death (in 1987) and one riot (in 1976). Every one of those 24 years has seen armies of eager Carnival enthusiasts toiling for eight months of the year in preparation of costumes and floats. But it is trouble, not toil, that makes headlines.

Tensions between the police and the community exist all year round. In 1989 the trial of Frank Crichlow became their focal point. Founder of the popular Mangrove Community Association and a leading figure at Carnival for more than 20 years, Crichlow was arrested during a dawn raid on his restaurant in May 1988 and charged with possessing cannabis and heroin with intent to supply.

In May 1989, a jury at Knightsbridge Crown Court found him "not guilty". The verdict was made extraordinary by the 37 police officers, ranging in rank from chief superintendent and divisional commander down to constable, who gave prosecution evidence against him. Crichlow's acquittal left strong indications of a conspiracy. It also left questions about precisely where the large quantities of hard drugs "found" on his person during the raid originated.

Crichlow had come into conflict with the police earlier in his career as a community activist. In the early seventies, he was a defendant in the famous trial of the Mangrove Nine, a "test case" on the allegedly insurrectionary behaviour of Black Power organisations in Britain. Crichlow was acquitted. In 1979 he was taken to court and acquitted again. Over the years the Mangrove—situated on Notting Hill's ▶

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"frontline", All Saints' Road—has come to epitomise tensions between police and community.

Almost as alarming as the recent "not guilty" verdict are documents which defence barrister Michael Mansfield was prevented from using in court. In them a senior police officer is cited telling members of a local housing trust that: "The Mangrove has been in receipt of large sums of public money... [which have] been salted away in personal accounts and into property in the Caribbean." The high-ranking officer goes on to imply that the Mangrove was using a proposed project with the Abbeyfield Society for sheltered accommodation in the area in order to "salt away further public funds".

In another document, apparently written by a Home Office official, the same officer is reported to have said that the Mangrove's "criminal activities had frustrated the growth of the black community". The official states that the police officer in question "does not listen nor want to hear anything which does not accord with his own diagnosis". Supported by the National Black Caucus, a network of black voluntary organisations, Crichlow is pushing for a full inquiry into policing in Notting Hill. "What happened to me", he insists, "happens to black people every day. They are being planted, going to court and losing. I was lucky."

Many black youngsters in Notting Hill harbour enormous resentment towards the police, whose drug-busting operations have been heavy-handed and unpopular. So sound organisation of the Carnival is vital, to avoid potential flashpoints. Yet this year's arrangements have been dogged by in-fighting.

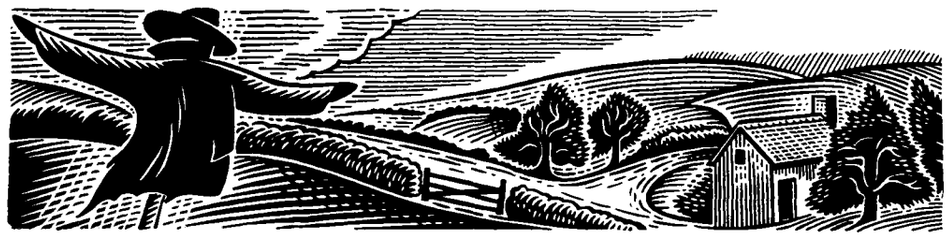
Amid police investigations and a refusal by funding bodies to release any money for Carnival '89, the event's administrators, the Carnival and Arts Committee (CAC) was liquidated at an emergency meeting. A local barrister, Claire Holder, emerged to head a new body, the Carnival Enterprise Committee (CEC). Although backed by funding bodies—and local Conservative MP Dudley Fishburn—only a third of the money usually earmarked for Carnival has been released to CEC. Many potential sponsors have been scared away by negative publicity. And CEC has been left to organise the event in half the usual time.

Some—Frank Crichlow among them—claim that the confusion is the culmination of a conspiracy between the police, the authorities and local developers all eager to gentrify Notting Hill at the expense of the black residents.

Former CAC chairman, Alex Pascall, laments: "We must concentrate on the fact that we have allowed the authorities to come in and split us all up. The rows should have been kept within the family—not allowed to divide us up."

Yet most people in the area display little interest in the implications of the Frank Crichlow trial or the factionalism within the Carnival management. To them, Carnival is about forgetting these kind of everyday concerns and shedding all inhibition once a year. As the gold-toothed resident told me: "More and more there is politics in Carnival. People don't care about politics, they just want to go free-up themselves. That's what Carnival is for—not politics, not money—for pleasure."

FRINGE BENEFITS



Colin Ward goes to Cornwall and finds a little gem among the rubble of the tourist trade

My late mother-in-law was one of those incomers whom we have all learned to deride in Cornwall. Only it *was* back in 1921, and she did become a local public figure, not to say landmark. And she *was* given an illuminated address by the Penzance Trades Council for her services to the General Strike Committee in 1926.

All the same, whenever I go there I am irredeemably a tourist, doing the rounds of tin mines and craft shops suffering from Heritage Fatigue. The local intelligentsia calls us "emmets" or "grockels". Hungrily eyeing the bookshelves of the souvenir shops I found, among the Poldark novels and the works of Daphne du Maurier, a book which throws light on the intolerable dilemmas faced by Cornwall, and of course, other peripheral communities in Wales or the Scottish Isles.

This is *Cornwall at the Crossroads* by Bernard Deacon, Andrew George and Ronald Perry, published last year by the Cornish Social and Economic Research Group (£4.25 from COSERG, 51 Plain-an-Gwarry, Redruth, Cornwall). It is a nicely ironical document full of quotations from literature as well as from policy statements to illustrate our assumptions about the county: "Cornwall is remote (and sometimes mysterious). It possesses a timelessness (or backwardness). It is too small to be taken seriously. It's a leisure playground."

These assumptions led to strategies for population growth based on industrial development. But the bottom dropped out of the employment prospects. Migration in to Cornwall was still encouraged, while the top end of the job market, with better local jobs, higher pay and promotion, steadily moved up-country. For example, the headquarters of the police, the water boards and the regional offices of public bodies moved out of Cornwall to Devon or to "the South-West" in general. Old staple industries—agriculture, fishing, tin-mining, china-clay working and manufactures—have a declining workforce. Tourist figures are actually falling so "the planners are currently backing new brands of tourism—activity, heritage, culture—to replace the bucket and spade brigade". Of course, as tourism faltered, the "retirement industry" has been expected to become the new boom sector.

Actual jobs tend to be low-paid, casual, seasonal, held by the transient incoming population; or all four at once. One answer was road-building, an effort to eliminate the distances and the differences between Cornwall and everywhere else. Another has been the property boom, ensuring that the young and low-paid cannot possibly live in the places they grew up in. It's an all too familiar story.

The authors reject the idea that links with Devon are the answer, since Cornwall would stay a poor relation. They look to the lessons provided by the Highlands and Islands Development Board and the Development Board for rural Wales, but most particularly to the experience of Finistère in Britanny.

They see the effect both of market forces and public policy in Cornwall as the making of an Alice-through-the-looking-glass world. There, "*more housing* results in more second homes, more long-distance retirees and more new settlers, and seemingly fewer houses available for locals; *more factories* bring executives and workers to Cornwall, and result in less control by the locals over their own destiny; *creating jobs* means inviting in-migrants to occupy our top jobs; and *more roads* to solve traffic congestion are clogged up with more cars, resulting in continuing traffic problems and a never-ending demand for even more roads."

They explore these ironies in the free market in housing, where of course the non-owner occupier can't move anywhere, and the free labour market in which Cornish unemployment remains nearly twice the UK average. Cornish male earnings still lag 20 per cent below UK levels. And they discuss the questionable advantages of the pursuit of growth.

Finally they turn to alternatives, the most significant of which is making Falmouth play the same role for Cornwall that Brest has for Finistère: "South-east England is remote from Cornwall, so build maritime links to neighbouring places and use sea routes to more distant countries and open direct links with Europe." They believe that much would follow: developments in higher education and a reversal of the brain drain, with a whole series of measures such as a Cornish Development Agency, a two-tier housing market, and a series of modifications of market forces.

It's a brave attempt to treat real issues seriously, and I'm so pleased to have found it among the pixies, gemstones and ceramic models of dead tin mines.

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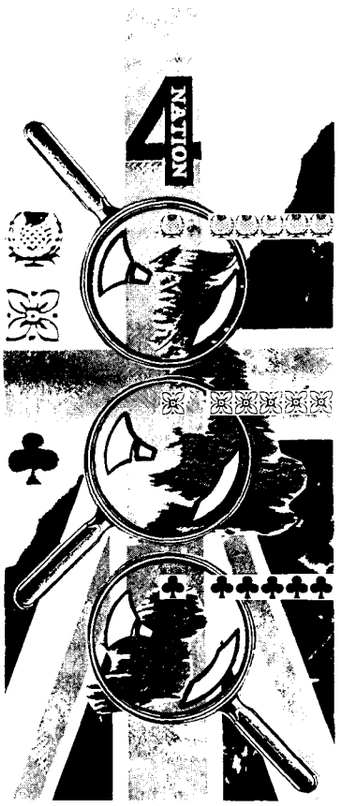
In search of Britain



British history should be central to the teaching of history in schools, according to the interim report of the National Curriculum History Working Group. But would this be more than the history of England, with footnotes to the other nations?

Raphael Samuel, historian, looks into what historians have made of the history of these islands.

Further reading: JGA Pocock, "British history: a plea for a new subject", Journal of Modern History 1975 and "The limits and divisions of British History" American Historical Review 1982; Keith Robbins, "Core and Periphery in modern British History", Proceedings of the British Academy 1984; Jonathan Clark, "English history's forgotten context" Historical Journal, 1989; Hugh Kearney, The British Isles. A history of Four Nations, 1989

There is nothing peculiar or arcane about an interest in Scotland, Ireland or Wales. In archaeology their relics are given equal weight to those of England in reconstituting patterns of religion and settlement. Sociologists, discussing "communities in Britain", will refer as easily to family and community in Co Clare—or villages on the Welsh border—as to family and kinship in east London. A student of English literature could be expected to be as familiar with the Abbey Theatre, Dublin—or even the Gate—as with the Globe, Southwark.

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Matters are quite different for the student, or teacher, of British history, where an unspoken "Little Englandism" determines both the shape of the syllabuses and the optic under which it is viewed and where, except for occasional border raids, the nations of Britain keep themselves to themselves. We treat the frontier with Scotland as though it were Hadrian's Wall, and the territory beyond it as a mystery. The Covenanters appear, in the 1640s, like the Jacobites after them, as creatures from outer space. Welsh history, before the advent of Lloyd George, is wreathed in Celtic mists.

Ulster may make its appearance as a source of troubles, say, during the constitutional crisis of 1912, but for all the attention given to it by historians of the family or, indeed, of popular religion it is not so much a separate province as another planet. Ireland has no place in those "period" studies now favoured in school and university texbooks. "Victorian Britain" can hardly accommodate such un-Victorian phenomena as Fenians, nor do "gombeen men"—the usurers of the Irish west— qualify for inclusion in the birth of consumer society.

In the current controversy over the new curriculum, the Celtic peoples figure as an embarrassment—an obstacle to be overcome, or a dimension to be added, rather than an integral part of the whole. The History Working Party, in their Interim Report, just published, make a valiant attempt here as elsewhere, to square all the possible circles. They say that England's role in the history of Britain, "though dominant", is by no means exclusive. They recognise the need for a "British" perspective.

But they are oppressed with a sense of its difficulty, and treat the matter as an ambassadorial one, for all the world as if they were negotiating this country's entry into the EEC. They have received "specific advice" from the History Committee for Wales "and will be seeking similar evidence and advice in respect of Scottish and also of Irish history". For the future their hopes are modest. "While it would be optimistic to expect that a basically *English* history-oriented approach... should be replaced at a stroke by a truly *British* history, the National Curriculum will provide a clear opportunity to take the first steps..."

The marginalisation or exclusion of the Celtic nations from British history is a comparatively recent affair. Ireland, as the most rebellious of the three kingdoms, occupies a disproportionate amount of space in early political narratives, as can be seen from David Hume's six-decker *History of England*. The disturbed condition of Ireland made it a constant point of reference in 19th century school textbooks, whether in the form of "evils" which strong-minded rulers set out to reform, "lawlessness" which they attempted to quell, or "miseries" which they attempted to alleviate.

Scotland, too, attracted a great deal of attention on account of its recalcitrance, though in a positive sense. As an independent kingdom until 1707 it was treated with the respect due to a foreign power, and the Act of Union (to which we owe the term "Great Britain") was rightly treated as one of the great landmarks in the national past. In the 19th century school textbooks, as Valerie Chancellor tells us in *History for Their Masters*, the Scots were greatly admired for their valour, a military people whose victories over the English, or in the case of Culloden, heroic resistance to them, were handsomely acknowledged. (The story of Robert the Bruce and the spider's web, an apocryphal moment in the battle of Bannockburn, was for generations of English children as familiar as the story of Alfred and the burnt cakes.)

Paul Bateman

For those who had supped on *Waverley*, Scottish history—especially the 1745 rebellion—also exhibited in extreme and tragic form the competing claims of tradition and modernity (an early exercise in "empathy", to judge by the model questions at the end of the school textbooks, was to imagine oneself a Jacobite or a Hanoverian, and make a case for one's side).

The 19th century idea of "Progress" was based to a remarkable extent on the example of Scotland rather than that of the "industrial revolution", a term that was only coined in the 1880s, and did not enter into the general currency of school history teaching until after world war one. Macaulay, in a bold essay on historical ethnography, made the rude and barbarous state of the highlands, with its tribal vendettas and primitive ways, a very touchstone of the backwardness which the forces of improvement had to overcome.

For Buckle (*A History of Civilisation in England* [1861]), 18th-century Scotland was a triumph of the "march of the mind"—one which he devoted some 200 pages to celebrate. For Lecky (*History of England in the Eighteenth Century* [1879]), it exemplified the emancipatory powers of commerce, the transformation of feuding chiefs into peaceful lairds—and the introduction of a system of rents—had lifted the country "from one of the most wretched into one of the most civilised . . . in Europe", which now ranks in social, industrial and political virtues at the very head of the British Empire". Macaulay, in his *History*, celebrating the Scottish national schools, sounds a similar note.

"Scotland, meanwhile, in spite of the barrenness of her soil and the severity of her climate, made such progress in agriculture, in manufactures, in commerce, in letters, in science, in all that constitutes civilisation, as the Old World had never equalled, and as even the New World had scarcely seen surpassed."

Hugh Kearney, in the introduction to his recent book, *The British Isles*, blames the Rankean idea of "nation" for the disappearance of the Celtic peoples from British history. The professionalisation of history, he argues, brought with it acceptance not only of Leopold von Ranke's critical methods, but also his belief in the nation as a transcendental unity which was at once the object of historical study and its proper framework. Kearney makes an excellent case for the "Britannic" dimension to national history, and his book offers a whole new geography of historical enquiry. So it may seem ungrateful to quarrel with his starting point. But one might argue, to the contrary, that the new history of the 1870s and 1880s, by focusing attention on the nation-state and by treating it as

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both a historical development and a problematic one, produced a *heightened* awareness of the separate existence of the Celtic peoples, and of their prior existence as independent kingdoms.

Certainly in the school textbooks of the period, developments in Ireland, Scotland and Wales begin to be given chapters of their own. There are a dozen such chapters in G W Prothero's *St George's* history reader, a textbook drawn up in 1896 "to bring into higher relief the decisive events in British History", and to "exactly suit" the requirements of Standard VI classes. The national histories here are treated in their own right, as well as at their points of intersection with England, going back, in the case of Scotland, to 843, when Kenneth MacAlpin united the Scots and the Picts.

Ranke himself, in his *History of England*, devoted a great deal of space to Scottish affairs and, like other historians of the 1640s, before the term "Puritan Revolution" entered into currency, treats the origins and outbreak of the civil war as a three nations affair. Sir John Seeley, a founder of the study of history as a university discipline, followed suit. In *The Growth of British Policy* (1895) he was insistent on the co-existence in the past of what he called "three insular states". The interaction between England, Ireland and Scotland had been so "striking" and "incessant", in the civil war of the 1640s "that we even ventured to lay it down that disturbance had really its origins in the necessity of revising their mutual relations".

A more plausible case, if from a traditional socialist view a disturbing one, could be made against economic history. Its "discovery" in the 1880s was closely associated with the emergence of the social question as the pivotal issue in politics, and it was apt to conceptualise the past in equivalent terms, focusing on vertical divisions at the expense of the more horizontal cleavages in national life. Secular in spirit, and materialist in interpretation, it was uninterested in matters of religion or national allegiances. Concerned with leading sectors of the economy, it was apt to overlook those which departed from the norm—one reason why, from the 1880s to this day, it has found Irish history all but unassimilable.

By making the "industrial revolution" the *terminus ad quem* of the subject, it marginalised those parts of the country where a more mercantile economy prevailed—as, say, in the herring trade of north-east Scotland; while by giving the same priority to the advent of capitalist farming, and to the enclosure movement, it left no imaginative or conceptual space for peasant agriculture. Everywhere it cleaved to the English. It located the agricultural revolution in Norfolk rather than the Lothians; pictured the factory system in Lancashire rather than Lanark; studied the Poor Law in Speenhamland, Berkshire, or Andover, Hants, rather than in Co Cork or Co Kerry—the places where it broke down so spectacularly during the famine of 1845-6. A conspicuous absentee in the early economic histories was industrial south Wales, which only engraved itself on national consciousness in the epoch of the Hunger Marches and the General Strike.

These "Little England" tendencies were amplified in the 1920s and 1930s. A society in recoil from the horrors of war retreated into a much more domestic version of the national past. Medieval kings began to be studied not as nation-builders or would-be conquerors but as good or bad administrators. Political historians, under the influence of Sir Lewis Namier, turned from the imperial government at Westminster to the independent country gentlemen of the shires. Economic history, in the hands of Eileen Power, found an arcadian refuge in Suffolk—the home of perpendicular churches and the cloth trade.

The prototype of all these developments was the Quennell's *History of Everyday Things* (1918), a beautifully illustrated four-decker work which was quite largely responsible for introducing social history to the schools. Compiled by two ardent disciples of the Arts-and-Crafts movement, it bore the imprint of William Morris's Thames Valley medievalism, also of the Tudorbethan enthusiasms of its time, and though venturing as far afield as Devon for cider-making and Lancashire for cotton spinning stuck, for the most part, to the Home Counties.

The "Little England" turn in historiography was further reinforced, in the 1940s, by British Marxist historians. Despite the fact that Ireland is the only part of the British Isles with a serious revolutionary tradition, and Scotland and Wales the only places (outside Spitalfields) where the Communist Party ever had serious mass support, they made a determined and, in the end,

> *'Seely saw the 1688 revolution as by no means a mere English revolution, but... a revolution of the British Isles'*

influential attempt to discover a native line of radicalism—that of the "free born Englishman" which owed its rhetorical force to the fact that it was "English" rather than "British", something which belonged to the people rather than the state.

Thus Christopher Hill's *English Revolution of 1640* was very much an *English* revolution, a two-camp division between parliamentarians and royalists, or patricians and plebeians. E P Thompson's *Making of the English Working Class* (1963) was even more determinedly English, the writer explaining that the histories of the Welsh and Scottish working class were so different that they were best dealt with by someone else.

These introverted tendencies came to some kind of head in the "new" social history which crystallised in the early 1960s and in the whole series of vernacular enthusiasms known under the generic title of "history from below". Local in its subject matter, provincial (in the case of labour history, especially Yorkshire) in its loyalties, topographical in its limits, it builds a whole universe out of very local worlds—literally so, in the case of the historical demographers, for whom the records of a single Devon or Cumberland parish can serve as a representative example of some six or seven centuries of national life. These histories strain after the autarchic, treating "the community" as though it were a self-contained social system. If the "social interpretation" of the English revolution had the unintended effect of marginalising the Celtic nations, the newer focus on household and family life seems to exclude them altogether.

It is ironical, in view of the historical association of the left in Britain with the cause of the Celtic peoples, that in recent decades it is the historians of high politics—men of the right—who have seemed more ready to take account of the "Britannic" dimensions of national history. Conversely, "history from below", despite the valiant efforts of *Llafur*, the Welsh labour history journal, to promote a dialogue with others, is apt to remain enclosed in its own worlds.

The "four nations" approach to British history has been on the agenda ever since Professor Pocock, in a series of articles, offered a profound and brilliant meditation on some of the obstacles which it faced. The resurgence of Celtic nationalism in the 1970s made his appeal timely and it has been reinforced since then by the waning of class as a fundamental point of divide in British society and politics. The uncertainties clustering around the idea of British nationality today, under the shadow of the EEC and New Commonwealth immigration and settlement, have made it seem more urgent. And with an impending national curriculum in the schools it is an issue which teachers and scholars will find increasingly difficult to ignore.

A four-nation approach greatly enlarges the potential subject matter of history, but it can narrow the optic under which it is viewed if, for instance, it is gender blind, or pursues the constitutionalities of the matter at the expense of economy and society. As practised in Professor Robbins's Raleigh lecture on the subject, it is concerned with high politics, though with a different *dramatis personae* and a different chronology. Hugh Kearney's *The British Isles*, with its attention focused on regional subcultures, is altogether more generous, but it does have some resemblances to the old outline histories, and the pursuit of religion and ethnicity—admittedly a great gain—is achieved at the expense of politics and class. There are limits, also, to how far "culture" can serve as a unifying thread if it omits literature and art, and such indispensable adjuncts to culture and communications as railways.

The four-nations approach to British history, if it substitutes one set of totalities for another, can conceal as much as it reveals. The difference in the 1840s between, say, the Dublin

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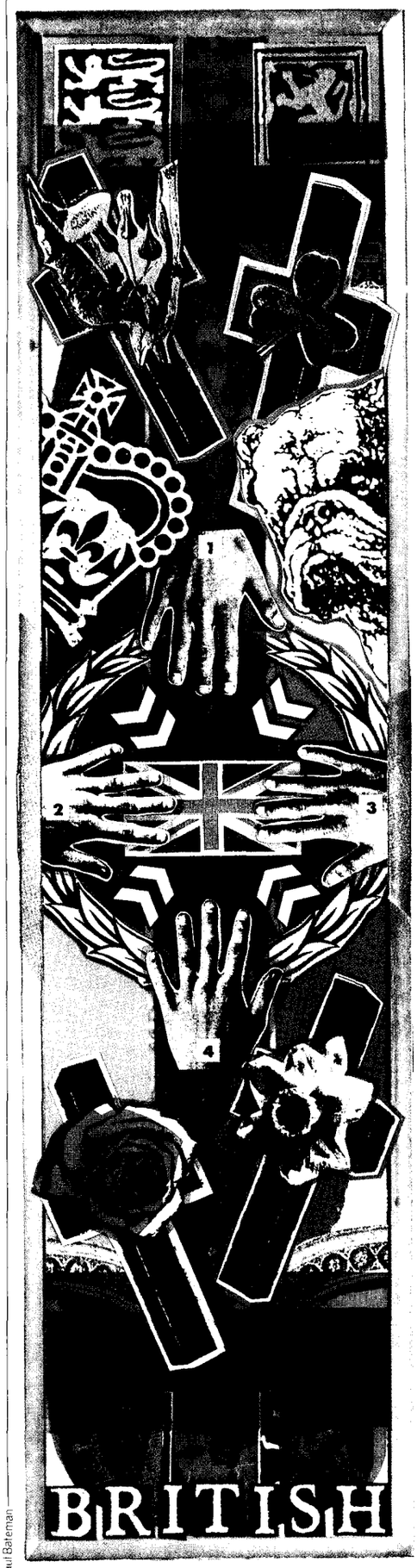

Paul Bateman

lawyers—great supporters of Young Ireland and the romantic nationalism of the day—and the Claddagh fishermen, Co Galway, who insisted on sailing under their own elected "king" and who, to the consternation of the famine relief officers, observed some 50 saints' days when they refused to go out and fish, was at least as great as any which separated England from Ireland. Kearney meets this difficulty head-on by insisting on "cultures" rather than nations as the framework of study, and his book offers us a thought-provoking series of taxonomies, separating highland and lowland zones, north and south, east and west, core and periphery. But the cumulative effect of this could be to further fragment the subject matter of British history rather than—one of the principal aims of his book—to reunify it.

It would not be difficult, by taking a different axis of comparison—vertical, say, rather than horizontal, or demographic rather than economic—to suggest alternative lines of division, and indeed, in any given period, to multiply the number of cultural areas in play. As Professor Smout has pointed out, "Scotland is a periphery to south east England, but Shetland a periphery to an Edinburgh-Glagow core, and the outer isles of Shetland, Whalsay and Unst, a periphery to its capital at Lerwick."

In history, as in the currently fashionable politics of identity, there is a limit on how far insistence on difference can go, a point at which the call for "pluralism" becomes an invitation to infinite regress. If the subject is to be teachable, it must have common themes and problematics. We may chafe at the restrictions of framework, but they are preferable to structurelessness. The relation between the particular and the general, the macro and the micro, the local and the national is occasional rather than continuous, and a matter of hypothesis rather than proof. But history, both as a teaching subject and as a mode of inquiry is supposed to be about making connections.

There is no point in adding further topics to an already overcrowded syllabus. The whole purpose of the exercise is surely to reunify the subject matter of history, to provide a more continuous narrative for matters which at present appear as isolated episodes, to bring analogy and comparison to bear on phenomena which appear unique. By providing a wider framework, a "Britannic" perspective could invite us to take a more generous view of the national past, one which would have more space for the minorities out of which, at any given time, the majority of the British are composed. It could help to restore a full identity to the marginal and the excluded. It could also lead us to explore common ground, to trace tributaries back to their common source or—as in the case of Scottish Presbyterianism and English Puritanism, or backstreet feuding in Blackburn and Belfast—to point up the homologies between them.

One way of reunifying the subject matter of British history would be to use the perspective of the "periphery" to challenge or transform our understanding of the "core". The civil war in Ulster, to take a brutal example, could be used as the starting point for considering one of the great unwritten chapters of the national past—and one which, to judge by the Rushdie affair, may become momentous in the future—namely the record of religious intolerance. It might remind us that the civil wars of the 1640s—in fact, as Irish and Scottish historians have been at pains to point out, *three* civil wars—were wars of religion. And it might call into question the primacy given to the Church of England at the expense of minority faiths. Church history, if it were forced to integrate the Irish dimension, might treat the division between Catholic and Protestant not as an episode, settled once and for all by the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity, but as one of the great schisms in national life. The failure of the Elizabethan settlement in Ireland would, under this optic, be as momentous as its apparent success in England, and it might help to explain (via the 19th century Irish immigration into England and Scotland, and even the success of the 1920s Labour Party in capturing the Catholic vote) why it is that there are more Catholic worshippers than Anglicans in this country today.

One reunifying theme which Kearney's book suggests, and indeed demonstrates the worth of, is that of those larger wholes of which, at any given time, the "four nations"—or any one of them—could be seen to be a part. "Dalriada", the kingdom which stretched from Ulster to Inverness, and helped to bring Celtic Christianity to Northumbria, would be one example—a forerunner of that two-way traffic in peoples, religion and politics which is a leitmotif of relations between Scotland and Northern Ireland. Another would be the Viking empire, whose epicentre lay in the Baltic, but which held large parts of 9th and 10th century Britain in its thrall. Anglo-Norman England was an off-shore island of Europe, which is how it appears in Hereford cathedral's *Mappa Mundi*.

English nonconformity, from the sailing of the *Mayflower*, was an Anglo-American affair, just as the fortunes of British Catholicism were for a century and more bound up with those of France. Eighteenth century Britain is plausibly being interpreted by historians as part of an "Atlantic" economy, a perspective which could be as valuable in tracing the origins and inspiration of British radicalism as in following the tracks of the Lancashire cotton trade to the plantations of Alabama.

Above all, from Elizabethan times the history of this country is bound up with empire, and if one were to follow its linkages—the disproportionate recruitment, say, of the Irish into the 19th century British army, or the leading part played by Scots in missionary work and colonisation—it would appear as a phenomenon which left none of the "four nations" untouched. The "Britannic" perspective is not the only one under which such developments can be viewed (a pan-European one is an alternative). But if British history is to be restored to the "core curriculum", it seems preferable to one which is English history under another name, and gives the privileged place to a country which, at least since the conversion to Christianity, has never existed on its own.

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Hulton-Deutsch

Isherwood (left) and Auden: as they developed a similar theatrical vocabulary, they became increasingly unsure of its use

W H Auden on the production line

PLAYS AND OTHER DRAMATIC WRITINGS BY W H AUDEN 1928-1938
W H Auden and Christopher Isherwood (edited by Edward Mendelson)

Faber £25

Sean French

The biographies agree that the final years of W H Auden's life were something of a sad comedy. But while his life and his body began to disintegrate, his artistic faculties remained intact.

In 1972, the year before his death, he made a remarkably shrewd decision. He decided to appoint as his literary executor not a fellow poet or one of his many old friends who would have been happy to assume the responsibility but Edward Mendelson, then a 25-year-old member of the English department at Yale University. Mendelson had written his doctoral thesis on Auden's poetry and was working both on a bibliography and a collection of his prose.

The results of appointing an ambitious, highly intelligent academic dedicated to Auden's work have been obvious in the 16 years since the poet's death. The posthumous reputation of a poet can depend crucially on what is in print. Much of Robert Graves's most important poetry, for example, is simply unavailable.

Auden was notorious for rewriting or even suppressing major early work. Professor Mendelson has issued a series of collections and selections that have between them fulfilled Auden's own injunctions (a *Collected Poems* that omits both "Spain" and "September 1, 1939") and fulfilled the historical obligation of making available the whole of the poet's output. As a result, Auden's reputation now stands substantially higher than it did in his final years (as can be confirmed by looking at the patronising reviews that his later poetry received).

This important volume of dramatic writings is the first volume of Auden's *Complete Works*. It covers just ten years of his life, between the ages of 21 and 31, yet the range, ambition and sheer amount of work is almost bewildering.

It contains the famous plays written with Christopher Isherwood but also plays he wrote alone, scripts for documentary films, a radio play, a cabaret act. There are also fragmentary texts of two important lectures on drama, a lost play and a school performance he wrote and directed when a master at the Downs School.

More than anything that has yet appeared, this book shows us what Auden was actually doing during his career in England, in the part of his life when he believed that the creative writer could exercise a political and social influence.

Auden displayed little interest in the theatre of his own time or in the legacy of the previous generation of masters, Ibsen and Chekhov. Realism, he argued, could be left to the novel and to the movies. He wanted to return to a more primitive, ritualistic drama that preceded even Shakespeare—to the Mystery and Mummer plays which were performed by communities for themselves. As early as 1929 Auden and Isherwood wrote a theatrical manifesto (which was never published) arguing that "drama began as the act of a whole community. Ideally there would be no spectators. In practice every member of the audience should feel like an understudy." He added that "the Music Hall, the Christmas Pantomime, and the country house charade are the most living drama of today".

Paid on Both Sides, his most perfect embodiment of the manifesto, had been written the previous year as a charade to be performed at the house party of an Oxford friend. Unfortunately, due to community disapproval, specifically that of the friend's family, the production was cancelled.

Auden's poetry of the time was both celebrated and reviled for its impenetrability. The early poems gave a sense of a private myth understood only by Auden and his friends. But as Mendelson himself has written elsewhere, Auden's friends were as much in the dark as everyone else. The inevitable failure of readers to get the point was part of the poems' meaning.

Similarly, Auden must have known perfectly well that there was no sense in which the social, collaborative art of the Middle Ages could be recreated, and his dramatic work can be best seen as a parodic, ironic reflection on this impossibility.

Auden and Isherwood's first play together, *The Dance of Death*, is a play about Marxism in

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the style of German Cabaret combined with Elizabethan Masque. The stage mechanisms are deliberately exposed and the audience closely involved. *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, Auden and Isherwood's most brilliant collaboration, takes the form of a pantomime.

For a few years, the two playwrights were moving consciously in the wake of Brecht. But as they developed a similar theatrical vocabulary they grew increasingly less confident about what it was to be used for. Brecht broke down the theatrical barriers between play and audience in order to facilitate the didactic purpose. But Auden and Isherwood's deconstruction gradually extended to their own didactic role as well.

All of their work in the theatre was based on a conviction that the problems of society can be explored through the conflicts between and within individuals. *The Ascent of F6* is about a T E Lawrence figure, used by the British government to climb a mountain, a symbolic gesture which it hopes will settle an imperial dispute. The play mocks the cynicism of governments in a rather perfunctory fashion but, more importantly, it destroys the myth of heroes.

With both *Dogskin* and *F6*, the playwrights had a terrible struggle deciding for themselves what their didactic conclusions were. As Mendelson's outstanding textual notes in this edition show, they wrote ending after ending for both plays and were satisfied with none of them. Even after *F6* opened, they wrote a different ending every night of the first week.

But there was no ambiguity about the effect on Auden's own life of this meditation on heroism. *F6* portrays the heroic role as necessarily corrupting and the protagonist, Michael Ransom, escapes or fulfils his destiny by dying on the mountain. Auden decided he would have to escape his by leaving England. The English Auden had praised the art of the community. The American Auden compared his native land to a constricting family from whose clutches he had set himself free.

This outstanding edition is faithful to the spirit in which the contents were written, taking us inside the workshop. There was no such thing as a clinically completed text. Plays and scripts were written, rewritten, abandoned and then cannibalised in order to make new plays. The resulting textual situation was appallingly complicated and Mendelson has done a remarkable job to make this book both comprehensible and readable.

Auden is one of the most productive of poets and the fragments that Mendelson reprints are fascinating. The following, for example, is part of a recitation written for a school play to be delivered by pupils anticipating their future lives. It must have made the parents sit up:

> We shan't care who falls or rules;
> We shall sit every morning on our office stools,
> Return every evening to rather plain wives
> And play for safety all our lives.

Auden never played for safety. Just when he was firmly established as the most admired young poet in Britain, he left the country to remake himself. The resulting adventure will be picked up in succeeding works of this great project.

Terminal lugubriousness

LEWIS PERCY
Anita Brookner
Jonthan Cape £11.95

Anthony Quinn

We have become used to Anita Brookner's fiction as a paradigm of Englishness, a repository of national virtues like restraint, decorum, tact, a quiet self-effacement. Such virtues, though limited, are not to be scoffed at, and admirers will in any case argue that Brookner has turned these constraints to her advantage. On reading *Lewis Percy*, however, I can only think that they have enslaved their author, to the point where they seem not so much a style as an affliction.

Nothing much has changed as far as content goes, except that the traditional Brookner woman—lonely, reserved, unhappy—has been replaced by a man, the eponymous Lewis Percy. We first meet him in his early twenties living in a Parisian boarding-house, "a ruminant, a haunter of libraries" engaged in a study on heroism in the 19th century novel. This is a dismal irony, of course: Lewis is in pursuit of *la vie idéale*, but there's nothing in the least heroic about him. He's a naif, a sad-sack, hankering for some vague excitement but quite unfitted to accommodate any change. "His days were a mixture of great thoughts and trivial routine", which may encapsulate the whole Brookner spirit—the aspirations of the mind hijacked by the nullities of the life. The first 30 pages detail Lewis's character so meticulously that Brookner in effect scotches any element of surprise—she *buries* him with her thoroughness. The reader is required only to wait and see what glum social dance Lewis is to be put through.

His life in Paris, we learn, has been buffered and cosseted by the presence of women; but in the stuffy environs of Parsons Green he has been constricted by a dependence on his timorous, undemanding mother. When she dies, he descends into gloomy self-absorption, and life begins to assume a familiar Brooknerish shape—lonely, reserved, unhappy. He decides that he needs company, or rather, he needs someone to look after him. When Tissy, a pale, fragile, agoraphobic young woman enters the scene, you suspect that she has to be a candidate—only Brookner could devise such an unpromising liaison. By the end of chapter six a timid courtship is in the offing—by the start of chapter seven they're married. So much for romance.

The progress of this joyless union is mapped in page after page of Brookner's calm, measured sentences—and it's an absolute hell to read. She crowds out her characters with an overload of psychological minutiae, and consequently leaves nothing to *our* imagination. The book is a lengthy exercise in portraiture: Brookner tells us what this or that person is like, but you hardly ever see what they do, or hear what they say. We can make no judgments about these characters, because the author has made them all for us.

In short, the reader is never allowed to participate. The solipsism of her central character also restricts the novel's broader design. We are told that the era is the cusp of the sixties and the seventies, but you'd barely know it from the narrow, airless milieu presented here. Lewis has supposedly been left stranded by the bold advancements of feminism and technology, but any social texture reaches us second-hand, filtered through his fogged consciousness. The whole book is hopelessly remote from any historical mooring, and its attempt to include contemporary stirrings is simply inadequate. So too is the happy ending, which looks like a belated amendment to offset the book's terminal lugubriousness.

One might admire the meticulous composition of *Lewis Percy* (though God knows even that's hard enough), but one wonders at the sort of temperament that would find anything to *enjoy* in it. It is frustrating to think how much care Anita Brookner has taken over these dispiriting pages. After prolonged exposure to her chilly manipulation and her character's hangdog despair you're struck by a vulgar—but quite unflippant—sentiment: can't they just lighten up a bit?

Dynasty

FREEDOM'S DAUGHTER: LETTERS BETWEEN INDIRA GANDHI AND JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, 1922-39
Sonia Gandhi (editor)
Hodder & Stoughton £25

Bhikhu Parekh

In spite of the fact that the Nehru family was untypical, Indians have long had a special affection for it. They loved and adored Nehru and enjoyed an almost romantic relationship with him. Even his greatest failure, the Chinese invasion of India, did not dent their affection for him and he was attacked more in sorrow than in contempt. They also adored and loved his daughter except during, and to some extent after, the emergency. Something of an elder sister and a stern headmistress, her early death, cold cynicism and partisanship prevented her from earning the hoped-for acolade of *rāshtramātā* (mother of the nation). In his early years Rajiv Gandhi enjoyed a similar surge of popular identification, subsequently dissipated by political gimmickry and financial scandals.

How do we explain this? Perhaps the Nehru family's "Englishness", including the ability to speak English with a cultivated accent, something Indians love just as much as a fair skin, linked it up with the Raj and gave it an aura of awe and even historical legitimacy. Perhaps the "Englishness" also compensated for the In-

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dians' colonial sense of inferiority. Perhaps the very fact that the Nehrus were different from the bulk of their countrymen enabled them both to transcend and unite conflicting groups and to enjoy considerable minority support. These and other explanations offer some clues, but the puzzle remains.

The basis of the quasi-dynastic rule is equally intriguing. Contrary to popular belief it started long before independence. Gokhale spotted Gandhi in South Africa, warmly commended him to his countrymen and conferred on him moral legitimacy, an act for which all his life Gandhi called him his "political *guru*". Gandhi in turn built up Nehru, made him Congress President in the 1930s and declared him his "political heir" who "will speak my language long after I am gone". In consonance with the ancient Hindu tradition of the Brahmins conferring legitimacy on secular rulers, the three formed a spiritual dynasty based on the successor's ability to speak the language and uphold the values of his *guru*.

After independence the tradition got metamorphosed and took an intriguing and somewhat crude form. Nehru promoted but did not nominate Indira Gandhi as his successor, but Indians felt sure that she would speak his language and ensure ideological continuity. She, in turn, both promoted and pushed but, again, did not nominate Rajiv as her successor. Most Indians, however, felt that he was likely to inherit her ideological soul. How the mass and middle-class Indian mind conceptualised these fascinating permutations of the distinctly Indian version of the dynastic principle and assimilated it to the Hindu theory of rebirth remains an unexplored puzzle.

This excellent collection of letters between Nehru and his daughter throws new light on these and other questions. During part of this period he was in jail and she was at different educational establishments in Switzerland, England and India. Being intensely private, shy and lonely, they found letter-writing an ideal vehicle for self-expression. Nehru was an excellent letter writer, who turned that difficult genre into a superb form of *letterature*. The young Indira matched his conversational ease and elegance and capacity for restrained intimacy. Sonia Gandhi, in her introduction, provides a brief but sensitive and affectionate account of their background and relations.

As one would expect, the letters are not just written in English but suffused with English mannerisms and sensibilities. Each is "darling" or "darlingest" to the other and sends tons of love and kisses and hugs. The bonds between father and daughter were very deep, as in most Indian families, but they were expressed with un-Indian restraint and delicacy.

The lonely father is either languishing in a prison or sojourning "in a lone house filled with the cricket's call, and the scampering mouse in the hollow wall". At night and sometimes during the day "I go to your room and have a look round and say goodnight to it". The loving daughter reassures him, "You know and I know that wherever I am, whatever I am doing, a corner of my mind is thinking of you—accompanying you on your journeys and watching you at home. I do miss you so much, darling, and I do so love you". A reader who does not shed a tear at Nehru's moving descriptions of his state of mind needs his heart examined.

The letters are full of interesting asides on national character. Indira finds the Chinese "simple and straightforward but with an immensity of depth". The English puzzle her. As she came into closer contact with them, especially with the middle and upper classes, a "lot of admiration" she once had for them "vanished". Nehru agrees that they are a "curious people", but commends their many good qualities, especially the uniquely "aristocratic quality" of restraint which they sadly lose at the first sign of a threat to their privileges.

There are also fascinating ironies. Nehru wrote an anonymous, self-critical article on his election as Congress President in 1938. His daughter was fairly certain that it was by him. In a remark revealing what she thought of her father and her countrymen, she observes, "I was sure that whoever had written it was not an Indian—or else he was a type that I have never come across. So you see you cannot keep such secrets from me." An Indian daughter thinking that her father was not really an Indian or at any rate an extremely rare one! A fascinating phenomenon is at work here.

His mother's son

THE TORCH IN MY EAR
Elias Canetti
Andre Deutsch £13.95

Carole Angier

Elias Canetti has written three volumes of autobiography so far. They are wonderfully, mysteriously titled: *The Tongue Set Free*, *The Torch in My Ear (Die Fackel im Ohr)* and *The Play of the Eyes*. There is a progress here, but an odd one: speaking first, then listening, then looking. Most of us move, from childhood to adulthood, in the other direction. But Canetti is not like most of us; and he did hear and talk back—*shout* back—first, and learn to watch quietly only later.

The Tongue Set Free described his first 16 years and their extraordinary central events: the death of his father; his cruel, sublime education by his mother; then her sudden, devastating rejection of the person she had made as arrogant, useless, bookish, blind. *The Torch in My Ear* covers the next ten years and *their* most important experiences: his continuing battle with his mother and his escape from her; his intimations of the ideas of his life's works, and the writing of one of them; and the people who replace his mother as the foci of his two immense needs—to impose his own extreme, intense views, and to absorb, to worship, to become enslaved to others'.

Canetti is a strange and disturbing genius, and the fascination is to see how this genius was formed. It is very clear. The main and most abiding influence was, of course, that marvellous and monstrous mother, *the* Jewish mother of all time, giving and demanding the most extreme possessive love and the most vaulting expectations. His passion for her was the moving force of *The Tongue Set Free*; here it is his hatred for her, and their life-and-death struggle. This lasts until he breaks down and she must let him go away on holiday. There he fills one notebook with his first ideas for *Crowds and Power*; another with raging, murderous self-defence and anger. Those ten days, he says, 1 to 10 August 1925, are the beginning of his independent life.

Now he replaces her with new idols. With Veza, whom he will marry, but whom he has to protect from her insane jealousy by pretending to abandon. And with the scourges of interwar Berlin and Vienna: George Grosz, of *Ecce Homo*; and, above all, the legendary Karl Kraus, editor of *Die Fackel*, *The Torch* in Canetti's ear. It was Kraus's purity and rigour, Kraus's hatred and contempt for greed, selfishness and frivolity, which now filled Canetti. Eventually he would shake free of this influence (a little); beginning with Isaac Babel at the end of this book he would learn "how wretched judging and condemning are as ends in themselves".

But these were, it's clear, his main activities for many years and Kraus's violence and visions of catastrophe informed the novel which he wrote now, at 25, and with which he ends this volume. *Auto da Fe* always read to me like the work of one possessed by a cold, dull evil which wasn't in the hot, furious Canetti of *The Tongue Set Free*. Now we know where it came from: from Karl Kraus, and his prevision of the horrible punishment awaiting his world.

The Torch in My Ear recreates the hate-filled atmosphere in which he wrote his hate-filled novel. In it we meet some of the repellent people whom he schematised into the horrifying grotesques of *Auto da Fe*: the dwarf who became Fischerle, for instance, and the horrible housekeeper who became Therese. It confirms my feeling that when he wrote his novel Canetti was not quite sane. He hated ordinary people, and valued only physical and mental cripples, like his friend Thomas Marek, or the madmen of Steinhof, the lunatic asylum he saw from his window. The world he saw, of fanatics each repeating his own narrow obsession, was the world inside his own head.

The Torch in My Ear shows that his mother was right: he *was* completely blind to reality, all his knowledge and feeling came from art—Strindberg, *Gilgamesh*, Brueghel. I think he knew she was right, and that is why he incinerated Peter Kien and his books at the end of his novel. *Auto de Fe* was a substitute for suicide. But it was something else too. In the next volume of his autobiography Canetti will tell us of his "twin", the sculptor Fritz Wotruba, who hacked art out of stone so that he wouldn't have to kill. That is what *Auto de Fe* was too: a substitute for murder. The murder of his mother, of course, Canetti's real twin, the only person in the world who was more dogmatic, more scornful, more intolerant and cynical than he.

The Torch in My Ear is hypnotically brilliant

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and intense like all Canetti; so is *The Play of the Eyes*, which won't appear in England for another year, according to his still implacable will. They are full of riveting portraits of some of the greatest modern Europeans—Kraus, Grosz, Brecht, Musil and many others. But the greatest portrait of all remains that of Canetti's mother. He thunderously scorns Freud and his Oedipus complex, but his own work is its greatest monument in the 20th century.

Wittman Ah Sing

TRIPMASTER MONKEY: HIS FAKE BOOK
Maxine Hong Kingston
Picador £12.95

Nicci Gerrard

If at first you don't succeed: try, try and try again. The draft-dodging job-hopping, Rilke-reciting, play-writing, skinny and pigtailed Beatnik poet, Wittman Ah Sing, will get to you in the end. Maxine Hong Kingston's *Tripmaster Monkey* is not simply *about* the Chinese American Wittman (nearly named after another endlessly garrulous poet), it is virtually his one-man show, with the other characters as bit actors and stage hands.

Wittman's virtuoso performance is time-bending in time-honoured theatrical fashion (it crams impossible events into a few days) and mind-bending in sixties style (characters, shadowed by Vietnam and sweetened by flower-power, swim in hallucinogens and handle consciousness like spare coins). It loops around the playfulness of imagination, responsibility of love, pervasive and crass nature of prejudice, cruelty of American individualism and power of language. It is a bitter and delirious talk story.

But as one of Wittman's fictional characters says, there is at first "a problem with gravity". Word-spinning makes your brain dizzy. Chinatown speech and its stereotypes collide and allusions accelerate until *Tripmaster Monkey* loses the downward drag of plot. Skittery, flapping and flamboyant, it sails and snags over its San Francisco landscape like a giant tattered kite on the rampage. Only halfway through the freewheeling narrative does a sense of control weight Wittman's flights of fancy. Eventually his fake book settles into a rhythm and direction that the reader can follow.

The plot is short but voluminous—an elastic holdall for fantasy. The unstoppable Wittman, hipster poet, wanders through San Francisco streets. He meets beautiful Nanci Lee, marries lovely Tana, visits his mother (Ruby Long Legs) and aunts (the dancing Chinese Flora Dora Girls), rescues his grandmother PoPo from slow death by abandonment, gets fired from his job in a department store, fills in an unemployment form (yes, no, no, none, no, no, none). And on his erratic journey he writes chunks of the epic drama that will bring together Kerouac's America with his own imagined China: flying horses and warriors meet hippy dreams. The climax of the novel occurs when the unstageable drama is played out before Wittman's community (and by "community" he means all those "coincidental people... whoever crosses your path"), and acted by the whole of the novel's scattered cast.

The final scene is the playwright-director's appearance on stage, where he delivers, virtually uninterrupted, a dazzling 33-page monologue. No more linguistic acrobatics or deviousness: Wittman gives us a sustained stream of anger against Vietnam, cosmetic surgery, domestic drabness and, above all, against the merry prejudices of a self-congratulatory America that reduces him to a little yellow man, inscrutable and exotic, or to a sneaky alien, "squinnying through spy eyes"; and which turns his glorious mishmash of a play into a sweet and sour, chop suey vaudeville. "I am so fucking offended," he declares. "Why aren't you offended? Let me help you get offended."

It is in its flaying, declamatory curtain call that *Tripmaster Monkey*'s anger is most clearly revealed and named. The bitter repetitious paranoia and nervy sarcasm of the first pages gather momentum and build up to a rage that has the whole force of the book behind it: "Always be careful to take offence."

If at first you don't succeed, don't give up on Wittman Ah Sing. He is an extraordinary and unforgettable creation.

Storyteller's glee

A CARELESS WIDOW & OTHER STORIES
V S Pritchett
Chatto & Windus £12.95

Anne Boston

A new collection of short stories by V S Pritchett is one of the very few books one would like to be longer—whatever its length. These 164 pages contain just six stories, two of them more extended than usual with 40-odd pages apiece. In a preface to his *Collected Stories* Sir Victor has described how he would start by writing 100 pages or more and then ruthlessly reduce them, boiling down the inimitable mixture to a rich concentrate. In the stories of *A Careless Widow* there is a shade more description; the saltiness, the tang are just a little more diluted. That said, I'd be hard put to find as much pleasure in anything else published this year.

V S Pritchett's subtle and intricate art combines a master-craftsman's skills with language and a robustly unliterary appetite for human nature, the more devious the better. He once observed that, fascinated even by a chronic bore, he would sit there trapped, urging: "Yes, yes, go on—*bore* me!" The peculiar individuality of his characters is a trademark; he pounces on speech mannerisms and holds them to the light for examination. Frazier the hairdresser, on holiday to "slough off the name of Lionel"; a retired carpet salesman; the exotic neighbours in "Cocky Olly"; these are all entirely themselves, yet wholly recognisable.

In "Things", one of the finest stories in the collection, an errant sister-in-law has arrived unexpectedly. Avid to shock, she recites her misfortunes with rising relish, retiring into "a brisk dream" and then "slowly sketching her way into a new idea" when the first fails. "Things" also contains some of the most vivid physical descriptions in the book: Rhoda with her "long stream of hair, grey as fog" and "small belly full of impudence and authority", and Sammy, her lover:

"What had struck me particularly in the fleshy young man was his trousers: his jacket was open and the trousers were braced high over his wide waist, almost to his ribs. He had black hair with a curl over his forehead and a damp, glistening crimson face, his fists, his nose, his lips were heavy; his body looked too full of blood, like that of a boxer or a publican or one of the security guards at the bank."

The freshness of characterisation is matched by capricious and unpredictable storylines, which have an air of moving fitfully according to the turn in people's moods—rereading the earlier collected stories, I had the disconcerting impression they might have changed direction since I last read them. Pritchett has always been brilliant at the dynamics of unexpected sexual attraction—and equally at the devilish pleasures of concealment, as in "A Change of Policy", where a tall distinguished scholarly woman is wooed by a rogue printer, a "bouncing talker" whose misfortunes make him irresistible.

One of the stories' many attractions is the author's impartial lack of malice towards his creatures; Andrews, the self-pitying widower in "A Trip to the Seaside", is a rare exception. Visiting a former secretary whom he views as "a possibility, if also a *faute de mieux*", he mistakes her circumstances—then takes offence at her because of his own mistake, and turns his anger on the boy next door "strangling the air" with loud music. Despite the wickedly accurate psychological insight and agile timing, I liked this story and the last, "The Image Trade", least: the characters are more obvious, and the author's feelings about them show through the usually seamless mesh of prose.

The stories are rooted in place with a poet's precision which gives us "the bald Downs", a "plain yellow-faced London train", a "moustache of surf" round a rock in the sea. V S Pritchett delves beneath the stolid surface of provincial life to the quixotic contrariness of the English. Though the energy of his earlier work has quietened a little, people still "rush" at each other, "burst out", "boil up into a temper". Women are often the initiators, with "an eating look" in their eyes. In "Cocky Olly", the centrepiece of the collection, a schoolgirl on the edge of growing up is entranced by the sophisticated, sociable family next door; but it's Benedict, the manic, nervy young son, who gives her a sense of herself and her latent power as a woman.

V S Pritchett shows us Rhoda, in "Things", recounting her adventures with "a storyteller's glee": a description tailor-made for himself. With that watchful inventiveness and pure delight in people's variety, the conjuror with words holds his audience in thrall once again.

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Time lost and found

ALBERTINE GONE
Marcel Proust (edited and translated by Terence Kilmartin)
Chatto & Windus £11.95
THE BOOK OF PROUST
Philippe Michel Thiriet (edited by Dominique Frémy, translated by Jan Dalley)
Chatto & Windus £25
MARCEL PROUST: A BIOGRAPHY
George Painter
Chatto & Windus £20

Nicholas Richardson

The big bang came in October 1987, when Proust's work fell into the public domain. Even before that researchers had been plundering the massive Proust archive in the Bibliothèque Nationale, to establish something like the definitive text (and its variants) of *A la Recherche* that had never been previously established.

Proust's way of working was to add to his successive drafts, up to and including proofs. So it is ironical that the restored version of *Albertine Gone* should be a brutal exercise in compression. The effect in itself is oddly bleak. For the novel as a whole it is a bombshell: *A la Recherche* is not an unrelated string of episodes but an architectonic. So through no fault of his own Kilmartin's edition may be caviar to the general. No editor could have loaded so slim a book with the apparatus necessary to explain the effect of Proust's changes on the novel as a whole.

The reader could do worse than try and reconstruct them from *The Book of Proust.* This is a useful and amusing guide to the world of the novel, but also the novelist's world, his family, friends, habits and tastes: and it is not exempt from a certain *proustification* itself.

George Painter based his two-decker life (now reissued in a single volume) on a great mass of such information, as impeccably researched as sensitively handled. His work has, deservedly, met with such success that his view of *A la Recherche* as "creative autobiography" has become contemporary orthodoxy. But a generation ago, when the first volume appeared, things were different. There was Proust himself, who had pilloried Sainte-Beuve for reading a man's life into his work. On the other hand, there was a tradition that treated the novel almost as a metaphysical entity, from which the author had been expelled. Re-reading Painter, it is striking that his least convincing passages are precisely the theoretical (the same, of course, goes for Proust himself). Proust's relationship with his mother, for example, was both deeply important to him and highly ambivalent. Painter's Freudian glosses succeed only in making it the more opaque.

This is secondary. Where Painter scores is in his pursuit of Proust as a social being, *le petit Proust* of the Salons. The myth of Proust as a dilettante and a snob began early (it was the reason Gide and the *Nouvelle Revue Française* turned down the novel in the first place) and dies hard. But Proust's aristocrats are idle (Denis Brogan once described the Faubourg Saint-Germain in the novel as "a gigantic Drones Club"), ill-educated (compare the famous "Guermantes wit" with the coruscation of epigram and anecdote Painter quotes from Proust's originals) and vicious. The whole picture is consciously distorted. For Proust was not only describing a world he knew well, but dissecting it; and it was not only a dying world, but one that deserved to die.

The Faubourg, of course, was where the narrator lost his time; and the novelist found his. But far more than the symbolic importance of the Guermantes Way for the narrator's discovery of his vocation, what this suggests is that Proust was writing within an established tradition of social comedy.

And so he was. Only the tradition was English, not French, running from Jane Austen through Proust's much admired George Eliot, and forward, perhaps, as far as Ronald Firbank. Social comedy demands both society and Society. The moment when a Madame Verdurin becomes the Princesse de Guermantes (or even, as a French critic has recently suggested, a Margaret Thatcher) is the moment when society, in both senses, has dissolved.

The mad business

SOCIAL ORDER/MENTAL DISORDER: ANGLO-AMERICAN PSYCHIATRY IN HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE
Andrew Scull
Routledge £30

Trevor Turner

In March 1988 Sir Roy Griffiths presented a report on community care for the mentally ill. Mrs Thatcher and friends (the government as it is sometimes called) mulled over it for more than a year and a "response" emerged in mid-July. Its key features were general acceptance of the Griffiths formula, whereby "a single source of public funds... will enable local authorities to make sure that care is tailored to individual needs in a sensible, flexible way", continuing support for community rather than hospital care and "ring-fencing" of the money thus allocated.

This latter, and curiously phrased, insistence reflects the notorious historical tendency for mental health resources to be siphoned off by more popular demands, at regional and local level. It is also echoed by the concluding quotation from Andrew Scull's collected socio-historical essays: "The crisis of mental health provision... is simply the crisis of the normal social order in relation to any of its members who lack the wage-based ticket of entry into its palace of commodities."

The strengths and limitations of Scull's work are evident in these lines. For a start he did not write them. They are taken, with full acknowledgment, from the late Peter Sedgwick's *Psychopolitics*, and the extent and aptness of Scull's references and quotations are consistently impressive. But as a sociologist, based now in California, he has researched both the rise of the asylum movement of the 19th century and the 20th century process of emptying those same asylums. Two influential books have emerged therefrom, *Museums of Madness* in 1979 and *Decarceration: community treatment and the deviant—a radical view* in 1977, revised in 1984. These are not easy texts to read, being heavily influenced by social control theory and the otiose language accompanying such notions.

In these books the shortcomings of both "institutionalisation" and "deinstitutionalisation" are exposed. As a result a fellow social historian, Kathleen Jones, felt compelled to write an article for the *British Journal of Psychiatry* entitled "Scull's dilemma", pointing out the linguistic and theoretical difficulties of lambasting both alternatives of mental health care. And now we have this collection, the crossbones so to speak of his flag. Apart from more money, are there any other answers to the dilemmas of the author, his subjects and his fellow historians?

The disappointing feature is that, like cycles in the care of the insane, nothing new emerges. The 13 essays overlap a great deal and follow a roughly chronological course after an opening overview, "Reflections on the historical sociology of psychiatry". This piece has all the old faults and virtues. Its scholarship is detailed, its language stolid, its heart in the right place.

A peculiar weakness of Scull's work is the absence of any clinical or scientific perspective. The distinctive subtleties of psychiatric diagnoses are ignored or mocked. His lively description of the way in which doctors cornered the 19th century mad business—"medical men as moral entrepreneurs"—concentrates quite overtly on "how actions are socially defined". But medical science was not standing still.

New treatments (for example, vaccination), new diagnoses—James Parkinson outlined his disease in 1817—and new pathology—the effects of syphilis on the brain—were enhancing clinical skills. Feverish hallucinations were common, and doctors looked after fevers. Why shouldn't they also care for those hallucinating without a fever? After all, it wasn't as if people were exactly queueing up to take on this difficult role.

Where Scull cannot be faulted is in showing how central to our idea of society is our attitude to mental illness. How we treat those afflicted by schizophrenia (to use a modern term) becomes a mirror of public morality. Whether it is "civil commitment", asylum architecture, the role of great men or the feminist perspective, he has done the research and given us a form of history. It is serious stuff, but the "mad business" deserves no less.

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TV and Chips

Zap to the future, and freeze frame. Has satellite broadcasting inherited the earth? Is a national broadcasting system only a fond memory? Zap back to the present. For what we now receive should we be truly thankful? For Channel 4 news and Bread? Should we select once-innovative Channel 4 or once-staid BBC? And under whose remote control are decisions made? Are you sitting comfortably? Then we'll begin

Yentob's Lore

Alan Yentob, controller of BBC2, talks to Philip Dodd

When do you find time to watch television?
I have curious habits really. I am in the office until 7.30pm or later, so although I tend to know what is going out, I don't actually watch TV with huge attention during the day. More often than not I watch programmes on tape, usually early in the morning. This is when I can catch up on certain key things. At the weekends, I tend to watch rather more.

Do you watch any programmes for pleasure?
Oh yes. I watch the news and movies. Then there's *Dispatches, 40 Minutes, Inside Story,* and I like anthropology programmes—which is why I put them on TV! Also, really good comedies—including alternative comedy. And then I like the chance of picking up the news at 10.30pm with *Newsnight,* that's if I haven't already caught *Channel 4 News* earlier.

Tell me why you stopped making programmes.
You could say I was foolish. I very much enjoyed the congeniality of being a producer, or having an editorial role on *Arena,* for example. I liked being close to the craftspeople. That's what I've lost. What I've gained is the opportunity to put my mark on a whole range of programmes.

What did the BBC strike tell you about the state of public service broadcasting?
There's no question that it brought home to the BBC management that it is very fully stretched financially, and, in taking on the market, its only hope is to offer something else to its staff, because it cannot compete in financial terms with the private sector. To do that, the BBC must, more than ever, make a commitment to the kinds of programmes that can't be made anywhere else.

Do you think part of your job is to modernise the BBC—in order to respond to new pressures, including financial ones?
I think that BBC2, my brief, hasn't perhaps been as embroiled with the world as it should have been. The creation of *The Late Show* and other new strands which deal with ideas can and must invigorate the channel and make it a real forum for argument.

The BBC has also got to show that it has more than an institutional view—that is has the capacity to share its editorial responses with the independent sector. We must also do more to make sure that smaller independent companies have opportunities to make programmes. At the same time, we have to hang on to the idea that public sector broadcasting must entertain, inform and educate—and do all these things for a very large audience.

In response to the government's white paper on broadcasting, a campaign has been mounted around "quality" television. What do you see as quality TV—drama, comedy?
The point about network TV is that it provides a range of programmes which a general audience can watch. In this it is fantastically valuable. I don't think it's simply sentimental to want a situation where a very large mixed audience watches a particular programme. I'm thinking of, say, *Play for Today,* when a family might argue over a programme they have watched together. To come back to your question then, quality drama is absolutely crucial to television.

What is now put forward as important drama is a kind of heritage, middle-brow type of drama—*Jewel in the Crown, Brideshead Revisited*—in which modest novels are translated into spectacle, using English theatre actors with their spurious sense of weightiness? Is that right?
I would like to do drama that deals with the contemporary world. But there's also a place—on BBC2 as elsewhere—for historical or period drama, like the *Mayor of Casterbridge* or Dickens, which provide great pleasure, entertainment, and education to a lot of people. So one can be snobbish about all this. TV isn't only for the one-off Wednesday play or *Boys from the Blackstuff.*

Of course, it's not only my enthusiasms that

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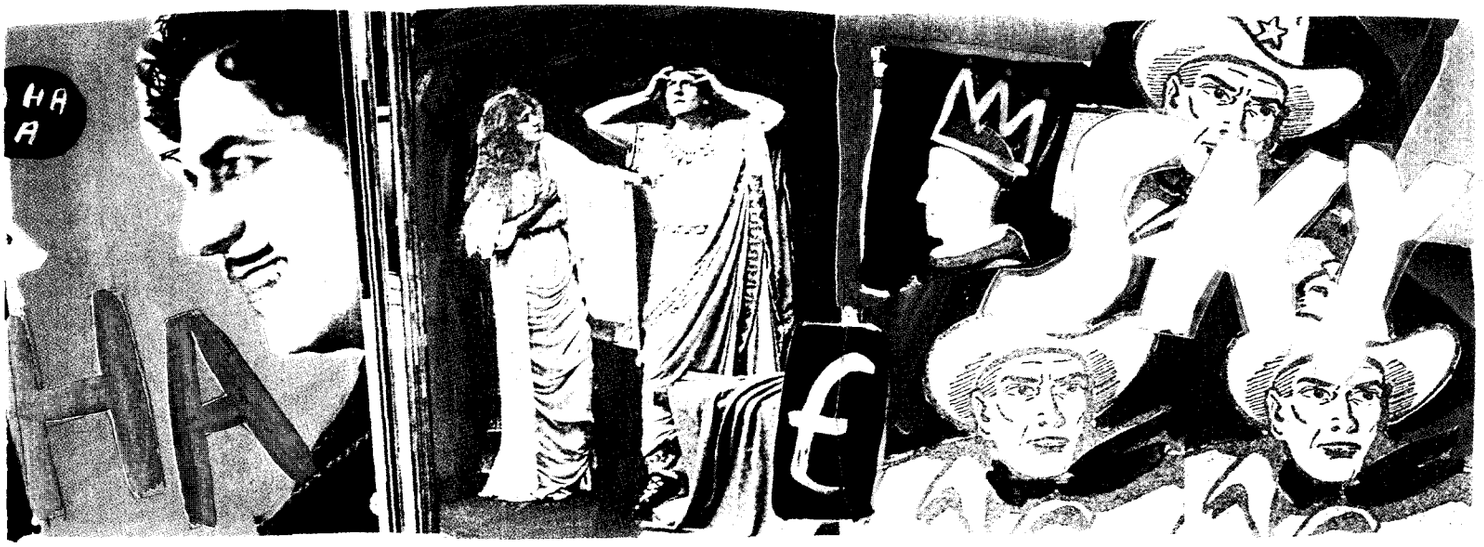

Beverley Levy

will determine what we'll do. One problem is co-production. Some co-producers don't want contemporary drama which has lots of ideas and might not work out. They want something more predictable and they have felt that certain classic books (and BBC's or Granada's adaptation of them) deliver their audience in the way they want.

What about other types of quality programmes?

Comedy is very important here, but it is going through a difficult stage at the moment. It is a period where you have to put in money and not know whether your investment will be returned. I don't think the last 18 months have delivered enough that has really been different. Also, I have to say, finding good producers and directors of comedy is really difficult. In every other area of television, you can name quite a few people who are good at their jobs, but in comedy everyone always comes up with the same few names.

Can we now turn from quality to commerce? There is now a very important commercial arm to the BBC called BBC Enterprises. Do you think there is a tension today between the commercial arm of the BBC and the editorial arm?

Listen, I don't think the BBC for one minute should allow itself to be run by its commercial arm. Good programmes don't come out of looking at what the market thinks it requires and then supplying a product. They come from a strong commitment by individuals, or groups of individuals, to a particular idea or subject.

At the same time, one has to get this into proportion. Most of the profit which comes from Enterprises comes from the sales of *Radio Times*, and its income is going up rapidly. Some of that money is put into production. Perhaps the people who run Enterprises are now more wary of putting money into ambitious or less predictable drama series, or arts programmes or documentary series, and that is something that we have lost out on. So you make some gains and some losses.

Secondly, people must understand that however commercial the BBC is in selling programmes, its £35 million or so profit (including co-production finance) is a drop in the ocean compared to the corporation's income of over £1,000 million. The BBC was living through a period where it had to be seen to be exploiting its "product"—that's important to remember.

Finally, how do you see the shift in consensus about the role of the BBC from when you joined in 1968, to now?

When I joined the BBC, public service broadcasting was seen as a vocation. It was always an industry too, but now, much more emphatically, it is seen as an industry. It would be considered risible if someone now were to refer to television as a vocation. But there are people who still work in TV today—probably in their late thirties or early forties—who still believe there is something about public service television which should be vocational. This isn't to return to Lord Reith: the BBC no longer believes, nor should it, that it has a monopoly on virtue. The competition is greater and the BBC can't sit back rather smugly and think the public are out there waiting gratefully to watch their programmes, but it is crucial to keep track of the kind of values and many of the priorities which existed 20 or 25 years ago because I think they are no less valuable today.

Tearing down the wall

Can public broadcasting recover its nerve? Graham Murdock reports

This weekend Rupert Murdoch will give the keynote speech at the Edinburgh Television Festival. Twelve years ago that honour went to playwright John McGrath. The contrast between them tells us much about what has happened to television and debates around it during the Thatcher years.

McGrath spoke for a community of producers concerned with questions of representation, both social and aesthetic. They saw broadcasting not as a business but as a public space where prevailing images and understandings could be tested and new ways of looking developed. In contrast, Murdoch speaks for the new entrepreneurs of the moving image for whom programmes are products to be packaged and promoted. They trade in bulk not in one-off pieces. They are more interested in building an international audience than in probing the condition of the nation. They are selling the pleasures of recognition and reassurance, not challenging common-sense perceptions. These changes in emphasis point to a fundamental shift in the system's centre of gravity from broadcasting to television.

Whereas in the 1970s television *was* broadcasting, by the early 1980s a cluster of new commercial television industries emerged to bid for the time and money that people spent on and around the domestic screen. The VCR market was booming, home computer sales were climbing, new cable entertainment channels were starting up. Now we also have direct satellite broadcasting, and plans to launch integrated home entertainment centres based on digital discs giving high quality sound and imagery.

The new television industries have been given a sizeable boost by recent moves towards privatisation, liberalisation and re-regulation in Britain, Europe, the USA and Australia. These initiatives have enabled new entrepreneurs to enter markets they were previously locked *out* of and helped them to exploit the opportunities offered by new technologies relatively unhampered by many of the traditional public interest requirements. At the same time, public broadcasters have been obliged to become more market-oriented.

As a result, the major players in the new television industries have set the pace and direction of change and defined the terms on which the battle for the future of television services is now being fought out.

Murdoch is an exemplary case of the modern multimedia magnate. The increasingly light touch of regulation in key markets has allowed him to build up a portfolio of holdings across a range of strategic communications sectors, from books, newspapers and magazines to feature film, and television services. This pattern presents problems for cultural diversity. Most obviously, it gives one person an unprecedented degree of potential control over the images and arguments in public circulation. Whether or not an owner abuses this power, the possibility is always there. Nor is abuse confined to favouring particular views or supressing embarrassing information. Commercial decisions also have

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important cultural consequences.

The new multimedia concerns are more focused than the old-style conglomerates. They exploit the overlaps between operations to the full. The Italian Silvio Berlusconi promotes his chain of department stores on his television stations, Murdoch's newspapers push Sky's satellite services, and movies spawn soundtrack LPs, novels of the script, computer games, toys, T-shirts and an avalanche of other goods. This cultural system promotes multiplicity. It does not guarantee diversity. More does not mean different. It means the same ideas and images in a variety of forms and packages. Because it does not increase the range of voices or perspectives in play, it provides only a limited extension of choice. You can consume more of what you already know and like (providing you can afford the equipment and subscriptions) but you are less likely to come across something unfamiliar or challenging.

The major challenge to this trend has come from the independent production sector. By opening up programme-making to a wider range of people and by forging new kinds of links between producers and audiences they have significantly extended diversity. The successful fight to preserve Channel 4's essential remit and the requirement that the BBC and Channel 3 companies take 25 per cent of their output from independents has guaranteed the sector a future. But whether it will continue to extend diversity is more debatable.

Maxwell's recent acquisition of Witzend, is indicative of the current shake-out that is splitting the sector into a "major" division of well-financed companies capable of making a range of programmes required for peak-time viewing and of operating internationally, and a "minor" division of smaller operators specialising in particular programme areas and heavily dependent on Channel 4 and the BBC. Their future depends on the commissioning policies of these organisations. With competitive bidding for franchises and a free market in shares, the future Channel 3 companies are unlikely to be too interested in experiment or minorities.

But even the bigger independents will face problems finding the full costs of production in the future and in this situation advertising money is likely to play a more significant role.

Up until now, advertisements have been separated from programmes on British television by a carefully constructed Chinese wall of regulations. This wall is now under siege as advertisers look for ways to beat the turn-off factor which leads viewers to change channels during breaks or skip the ads on video recordings. The solution is to integrate the advertising message into the programmes. Despite strong objections in the UK and Europe, the importance of product placement and programme sponsorship looks set to increase, giving advertisers a significantly greater say in what gets made and how it looks. More space for commercial speech means less space for other voices.

This is entirely consistent with a televisoin system that addresses viewers as individual consumers of the services it provides and the goods it advertises. What is missing is any sustained vision of viewers as political and social communities. There is little sense that TV should promote the public good as well as private pleasure, by guaranteeing access to the information and argument that people need to exercise their full rights as citizens.

Developing citizenship has always been a central aim of public broadcasting. But in today's conditions this is no longer as straightforward as it once appeared to be. It is not just a matter of finding the money to finance the full range of programme making and sustain a commitment to experiment and innovation, though this is crucial. Nor is it simply a question of defending the arms-length principle against increased political interference and constraint, though this too is essential. It is also necessary to return to the unresolved question of representation, of how people's lives and hopes are to be depicted and interpreted and by whom.

Public broadcasting needs to recover its nerve and develop a new cultural project for the 1990s. This must be based on ways of representing the polycultural nature of contemporary Britain and interrogating its history and interconnections with the world, and a commitment to exploring new forms of solidarity and community, based on respect for diversity.

Without a clear counter vision of its role, public broadcasting, and particularly the BBC, will continue to lose the support of key constituencies inside and outside the industry, and Rupert Murdoch's vision of television's future will continue to dominate debate.

What is y... for Tel...

"My one wish: that one day programmes are pushed back to the top of the television agenda."
Brian Wenham
Ex-BBC

"I would like to see the day when all programmes broadcast before nine o'clock in the evening are genuinely suitable for family viewing."
Peter Dawson
Professor, Association of Teachers

"I suppose I'd wish for the death of Sky Channel—the death of wallpaper television and the birth of new writers."
Alan Bleasdale
Writer

"My wish for television is that it extends its boundaries. There's too much that they don't show. They only show what's convenient to them."
Derek Jarman
Writer

"The political attack on British television is reducing a public service to one whose main priority is the making of money for a select number of people. It is the responsibility of the whole industry to resist this attack. My wish is that we do."
Alan Sapper
General Secretary, ACTT

"My only wish is that the standards of British broadcasting are not diminished—as I feel they may be—by the government's insistence on the ITV companies auctioning themselves and by its ultimate aim of the BBC being subject to subscription. I fear that the quality of TV as I have known it for the last 40 years will be diminished."
Ludovic Kennedy
Broadcaster

"It is not government policy to deny choice, and it is our task to allow an increasingly competitive broadcasting sector to flourish and expand in accordance with customers' wishes."
Timothy Renton
Government spokesman on broadcasting

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One wish vision?

"Above all, there should be less television with shorter hours and no more channels. Television should leave to radio what radio does better, notably broadcasting in the mornings. The money saved should be used to raise quality—to that end, reduce the wage differentials between producers and performers."
Charles Wheeler
Broadcaster

"My one wish for television in the future is that there should be free licences for OAPs."
Sue Johnston
Sheila Grant from Brookside

"I would wish for high quality, high returns, and a period of peace and goodwill for all after the 1992 franchise round is concluded."
George Russell
Chair IBA and ITC

"My first wish is for stringent cross-ownership legislation to be applied to all media operations, including satellite channels broadcast from outside the UK. My second wish is for the BBC to hang on to its test match cricket coverage. I'm not optimistic about either."
Steven Barnett
Broadcasting Research Unit

"I wish we could go back to the days when we had real intervals between the programmes (like potters' wheels and goldfish)."
David Bellamy
Naturalist and broadcaster

"I would wish for a continuing place for Social Action programmes."
Colin Shaw
Director, Broadcasting Standards Council

"I didn't agree with many of President De Gaulle's statements when he was around, except for one: at the advent of the TV network expansion, he said he welcomed the new freedom for communication and expansion."
Jim Baker
Head of TV for Saatchi and Saatchi

"More live football."
John Birt
BBC programmer

"I wish that television will survive the market."
Jonathan Dimbleby
Broadcaster

"I wish that governments would leave public-service broadcasting alone."
Melvyn Bragg
Writer and Broadcaster

Researched by Polly Neate

I Love Lucy

American TV butchers time, as Paul Morley discovers

First of all, switch on the television. This, of course, is exactly what to do when you walk into your suite overlooking Central Park at The Mayflower Hotel: actually, you switch on both televisions, the one in the bedroom, the one in the lounge. You are, after all, a professional.

The channel you connect with in the bedroom, one of about 40 channels you could have found, is showing 24 hours a day of Lucille Ball. God Bless Lucy. She will never die: she is TV immortal. I love her. You can really get inside the deep beat shallow soul of America if you interrupt day-long Lucy to watch 20-odd minutes of George Hamilton, an actor who circumcised his soul, talking with Morgan Fairchild, an actress never known to pour acid contempt on the common sense of eternally using hairspray, the necessity of deodorant and how George's [illegible] is everybody's business. God Bless America. Land of the wrinkle-free. Meanwhile, Lucy is shaving her legs and quoting John Lennon: "You can't re-heat a soufflé."

John Lennon? This means it must be 1964. In the lounge, you've found Cable News Network. You let CNN package the hate of the world in flavoured bite-size nuggets in the background, while you love Lucy. CNN: where the news never stops, where inescapable catastrophes just keep on happening, luckily enough. God Bless Disaster. CNN is news without body odour. It's news you can dance to, so is perhaps best watched if you've taken drugs, or after you've seen Lucy age from 24 to 72 inside 16 hours, which is the same thing as taking drugs.

It's very easy to become addicted to CNN. You watch a shiny, lightly shaken Americanised version of the world turning and returning, and you can feel so close to a place where things actually seem to happen, and yet you're really removed. There's something high and American and almost comforting about being moved and removed all at the same time, living a life that's full without ever switching off the screen. Which is the last thing you should do.

CNN has requested that at certain points during the day its news should be shown to schoolchildren during lessons. This is the start of something that will end up with an American schoolday consisting of Lucy, cartoon karate lessons in 3-D, early *Scooby Doo* and Lech Walesa's favourite piece of Jackie Onassis jewellery as revealed during an in-depth 90-second CNN news interview.

It's a known fact in America that you can learn to read better by watching television and not actually, you know, reading. Watching too much CNN at one time is like dreaming on speed that you have been reincarnated as the *Reader's Digest*, so I chop—channel hop—around. I find a channel that appears to be showing a repeat of the news from the night before. American TV butchers time. It might even be the news from six months before. American TV takes time away from you, lets you drift in some spinning limbo, and if you think about it, it's scary. Fortunately, there's no time to think about it. You've found a channel showing a quiz show invented by a whale, and it's hard to be scared at a time like that. Your only fear is the quiz show being interrupted by a 1976 weather forecast.

Somewhere amid the fast, vast tangle and promise of the channels—cables and satellites there are entertainments such as *St Elsewhere*, *LA Law*, *Cheers*, *Oprah*, *Golden Girls*, *Roseanne*, *thirtysomething*, which we're quite fond of when they're settled inside a nicely composed British schedule. It takes an awful lot of grazing through the system, three major

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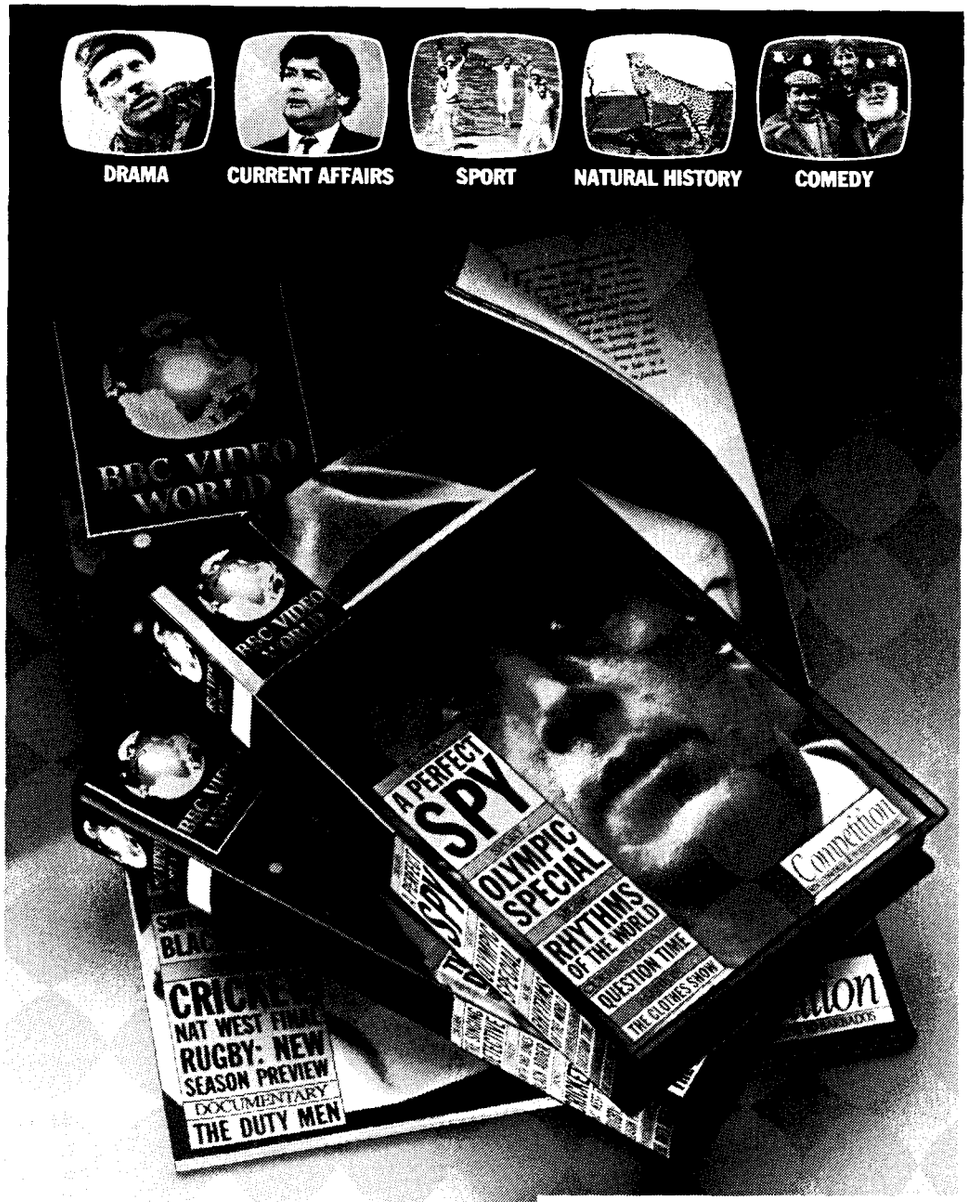

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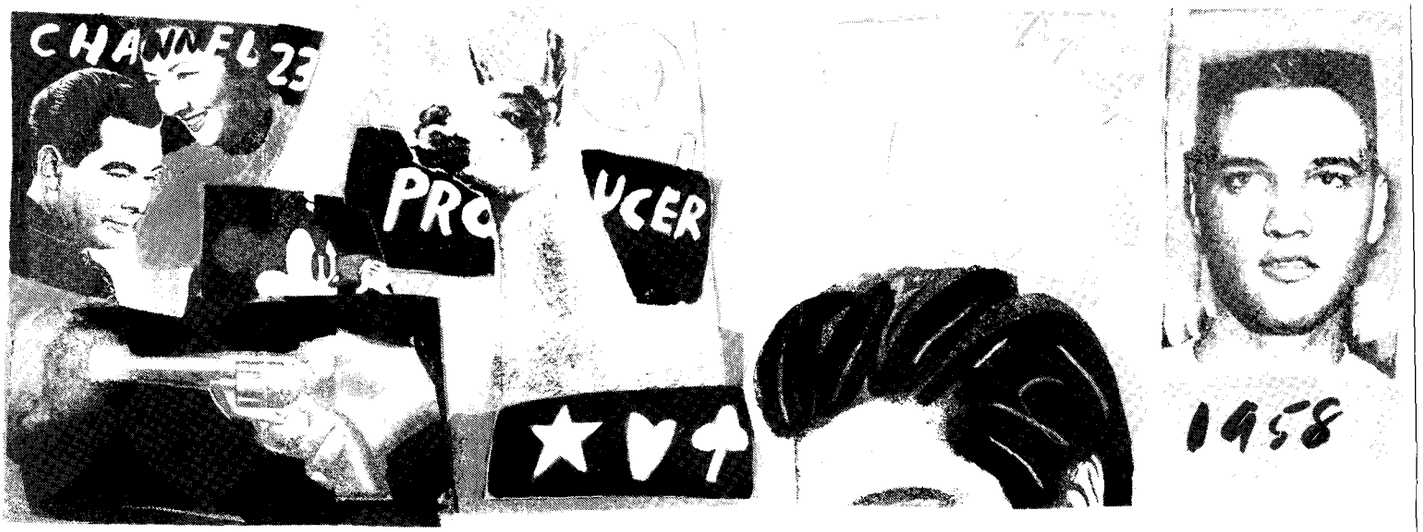

national channels being squeezed for dear screen life by big and little armies of opposition who all understand the gross mysteries of the downmarket, before you connect with the shows we recognise as being the best of American. Negotiating American TV in a professional way—as good as the very best amateur, ie for at least one non-stop 24-hour session—takes an awful lot of skill and experience. It's easy to fall ill within the hour. The professional trick, I'm afraid, is to suspend your critical faculties, if they haven't been burnt off by an early morning quiz show invented by a llama, and treat the journey as if it were time travel. Which it is really—somewhere beyond the reach of what we know as criticism.

Even if you manage to stay with a channel for longer than five minutes, which demands fierce will power, ads and breaks and jingles and credits crack open the programme you're watching. You feel as if you are tripping through dozens of worlds of fun and terror, and all you were doing, you thought, was watching a daytime soap about a waitress's bad skin. If you graze through the channels, randomly led by your randy remote, you're racing as fast as you can against your own promiscuous—some would even whisper postmodern—restlessness. It's you up against time, and you feel it most in front of an American television. Meanwhile, Lucy's re-heated the soufflé, and George Bush is in a helicopter. This means it must be today.

It's difficult to tell. You're being sold secondhand time. You're persuaded that it's against your best interests to rest. Old products are forever sold by people in some kind of heaven who know that knowledge is never enough. Programmes from throughout the history of television are constantly being shown, at whatever time of the day, as if it's building up to the point where every single episode of *Falcon's Crest* is being shown at the same time on different channels. A pinnacle of pointlessness. I have yet to see a late night live *Johnny Carson Show* that was under six months old—and lately, one that Johnny Carson was actually in. One channel will show the same episode of *Yes Prime Minister* five times during one day. Professionals like me will watch it five times, in between hopping into other times, other pasts, other yesterdays that keep coming back at you.

Two hours watching a few channels, and you have a very good idea of the history of the male haircut in America from 1957 to 1989 (and beyond, if you track down *Star Trek: The New Generation*). Five hours watching, and the universe unwinds, vanishes, and turns up on Lucy's mouth. I speak as a professional.

Is this shattering of time, this motion shifting and manipulation of suspense, the run and rerun, something like the future of our television? A stubborn sticking-fast friend of firm conviction, pulp trash, old favourites, paranoid imitation, light news, bright futures, simple pasts, that gives clues about how to live in the world it inspired. Is this constellation of amusements and evasions not so much the future of television but what TV was invented for? A continuous friction that resembles accurately the condition of life as we think of it today?

This is a tricky distance away from the Mortimer and Bragg whine of gentleness: that television should be consoling and satisfying and useful in some strained social sense. These people obviously don't love Lucy. Perhaps our TV future is one that, naturally, is neither one thing nor the other. Not an American fraud frenzy dusted with artfulness, not a steady blend of value and entertainment. American TV collapses constantly and violently. British TV will slowly subside into some historically neutral Eurovacuum of fun and information. Not nasty, not nice, just game for a laugh, and a kind word.

Meanwhile, Lucy is very tired. She has not stopped for 40 years. At any time, somewhere in the world, Lucy is always being Lucy for somebody or other. You finally leave the room: you've done your duty, 24 hours, a thousand worlds, a million voices. Outside, everything seems to be exactly the same as it was before you switched on the TV. But after what you've just been through, a chopping and dicing of reality, you just know that things can't be the same.

Something must have changed. How can all those hours and hours of Lucy, all that foam-packed news, mean nothing? Lucy's image is blasted on to your eyeballs. You ask her what she thinks. "Can you repeat the question," she asks. Repeat it? This means it must be the day before yesterday.

Carla Lane talks to Dave Hill

Among other things, Carla Lane is worried about money. How much is she allowed to spend? How much is she supposed to make? It's getting a bit like that, dealing with the BBC. "In *Bread* I have a habit of using a lot of different cars," she explains. "And that's a real expense on a show, especially if one has to be crashed. We went through a stage where nobody minded. I could have wedding cars and limousines—'cos you know how pretentious the Boswells are. But now and then I get little tweaks about how much it costs. So expense is creeping into my work for the first time."

So even the Queen Bee of Light Entertainment sometimes has to be content with a dented wing instead of a full-scale pile up. But her main concern for the future seems to have less to do with shrinking margins than with what she sees as expanding freedom. Ah, the conflict between liberty and licence. What is a girl with an OBE to do?

"The beauty in comedy over the past five years is that one is getting nearer and nearer to the truth. You know, you don't have to use euphemisms all the time. You can be honest... though of course, one has to be subtle. That is one of the hard things to do."

In a recent edition of *Bread*, one of the Boswell boys abandoned the idea of borrowing his way out of debt with the following monologue: "Forget it, son. You're on a slippery slope and your ass has got wheels on it." What Ms Lane means is that when she started out you couldn't say things like that on one of Auntie's shows.

Certainly, it is hard to imagine *Liver Bird* Nerys Hughes mentioning so private a part. But now we're allowed to say "ass" on telly, and

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before the nine o'clock curfew, *everyone* wants to say "ass". And worse!

Not everyone would concur with Ms Lane's perception of herself as a fearless social realist, let alone the notion that "freedom is marching our way", in broadcasting or anywhere else. Her fear that our screens are about to be filled with dross is easier to understand. She is also worried that the fast values of commerce are a threat to her independence, and it is an interesting comment on the times that, in an effort to maintain it, she has formed a production company with Michael Winner.

"Michael's thing is: 'It's time you stopped thinking about fees now, darling, and started thinking about profits.' Now, Michael is a thoroughly good businessman. Between us we should make a good company. But I'm wondering if we're all going to become so entangled in big deals and competition, that it is finally going to become like Hollywood?"

Ultimately, Carla Lane seems a bit of a sentimentalist—about the BBC, about the lost art of the one-hour play. She's hanging in there, though. "Obviously, with a new channel and all these dishes everywhere, one wonders, 'will there be room for me?' But I think by now I possibly have a little antenna which susses out what people like. Providing you can give them that, I don't think we have too much to fear."

Nick Hayes Talks to Dave Hill

Nick Hayes has just got a nice new job, so you might expect him to be cheerful. But there is more to it than that: "I've left the BBC where I was pessimistic and I've come to Granada where I'm optimistic. What made me sad was that someone like me, who is interested in a form of journalism that is close to its historic mission, has found it more and more difficult to carry that out."

For Hayes, the "historic mission" is for TV to be revelatory, to try to find out things that other people would rather we didn't. As the new editor of Granada's long-established current affairs flagship, *World In Action*, Hayes feels his perspectives are at last enjoying a fresh glimmer of vindication. Attacks had been launched from two directions: one, the so-called "Birtian revolution", which, for Hayes, "fundamentally misunderstood what journalism is all about"; and, two, the advent of "factual entertainment" shows (Hayes' term), such as LWT's *Eyewitness* which employed pop technological production techniques to assist the telling of its tales.

Hayes is less critical of the latter. Formerly the editor of BBC's *Watchdog* show, a consumer programme with teeth, he too used "all these electronic, whizzy devices that everyone always talks about. But we were also extremely popular. We got six to eight million viewers when we were up against *Coronation Street*. And they weren't just consumer items. They were real investigative stories. One of my main concerns about factual television in recent years is that form and presentation are valued over and above content." It seems to me that content and story-telling must come first. It's what the viewers most like and what most attracts them to factual television.

The viewing figures, he says, support his opinion that the more traditional *World In Action* is not redundant after all. Following much acrimony, he hopes that the boring old farts may be about to enjoy a new lease of life: "There was some nervousness about the programme. But I think Granada is very committed to *World In Action* in its present form and the budgets and resources are sufficient to do the job asked of us."

At the BBC, meanwhile, Hayes sees "a few straws in the wind", notably the *Panorama* exposé of Lady Porter. He wonders what real difference the Birt regime has made. "Take *Newsnight*, now. What's different about it? What's different about the *Nine O'Clock News*? One or two longer stories maybe, but not much else." For Hayes, the moral of all this is that there should be a re-investment of faith in the gut feelings of journalists: "Too much television is being taken over by marketing people going out and finding out what people want. I don't think you'll ever get good, strong, creative television that way. It's the sign of an empty culture that it is now so dependent on marketing people."

Phil Redmond Talks to Dave Hill

Phil Redmond says wonderful, half-laconic things like: "Everything in life is a challenge, not a problem." And he is rising confidently to the demands of the New Media Age. Why, he's even taken the phrase as the name of his independent production company. Already it is putting together a modern police drama for the BBC, *The Waterfront Beat*—all about law and order in a yuppie dockland. *NMA* is also the vehicle with which he hopes to begin an assault on the edifice of new TV.

Channel 5, for instance. Pending the final legislation, Redmond would like to bid for it. "Channel 5 has to adopt a completely different look to the rest of them. I don't believe it will survive by being a purely entertainment programme. Unlike Channel 4 it won't have a guaranteed income. So from day one it's got to be fresh. Our whole career has been built on entertaining but also so-called quality drama that challenges. And the public like it, you know."

Redmond's reputation, of course, was built on soaps: notably *Grange Hill* and *Brookside*. "Ever since Dickens, the public have liked a continuing story. And they're very cost-effective. I think there could be another three or four soaps on BBC1 and 2. Channel 4 has only got ours and could do with another one. I'd prefer as many as possible to be home grown.

"We've got to keep our industry going. That's what Australia found. It was difficult to generate a television industry because there were so few people with the skills to do it. We've got to avoid that, because if television can buy from overseas cheaper, it will.

Next summer *Brookside* moves from two nights a week to three. This has concentrated Redmond's mind on the aesthetic challenge of soap saturation. "You won't have to hold your audience for two days. They're going to come back tomorrow. So we can have a little bit more of, like, the milk bottles going out."

Terminally optimistic, Redmond likes being

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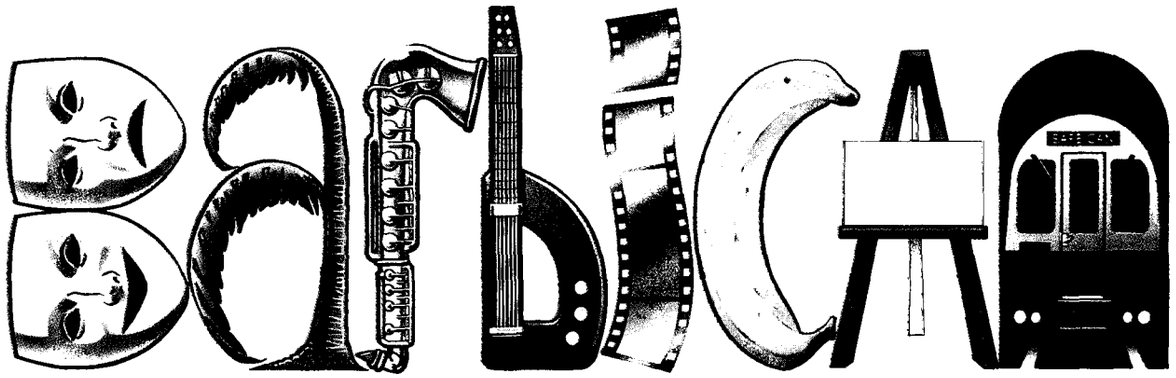

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an entrepreneur ("it's fun") and sees that role as going hand in hand with his artistic ambitions. The commercial environment simply sets the parameters for his creativity. "Television has got to do two things. It's got to look inwards to see how it serves its own local community and it's got to look outwards to see how it fits in with the wider European community.

"Mersey TV's got a very strong regional identity, which I'm very proud of, and I want to retain that as my crazy ideas vehicle. It's what I call the Branson factor. People want to buy into me because I've done a few mad things and I've been successful. So what I'm saying is they can now buy into me as an entrepreneur businessman in the new media age, as a national and international player."

"There have got to be ideas that are truly international. That doesn't just mean having international casts. We've got a couple of things in development with US partners. We don't want to make a mid-Atlantic, international cast, star-spangled failure. One of the great things that drama can do, and you can extend it to documentaries much the same, is say, 'Look, these are not Frogs and Krauts or Ities, they are people who live a couple of hundred miles away, and they've actually got the same fears, phobias as the rest of us.' Someone told me this wonderful story about tourists taking pictures of the leaning tower of Pisa from straight on. And when they get home it doesn't look like it's leaning and they say, 'what went wrong?' That's a bit like a media image in a way."

The 4th Dimension

C4's social remit has become a marketing one, says Marta Wöhrle

Held aloft like a talisman, Channel 4's remit—"to appeal to tastes and interests not already catered for by ITV, to innovate, experiment and pay special attention to minority interests"—is expected to protect the channel and its programme suppliers from the evil spirits of competition. We do not yet know whether the charm of this talisman will ensure the channel's good fortune into the 1990s. However, there are growing fears in British television that its powers are already fading.

C4 has, since its inception in 1982, enjoyed good fortune: financial security through a subscription paid by the ITV companies, commercial protection and a steady increase in audience and advertiser appreciation for its schedules. The channel has nurtured a growing sector of independent production companies, a policy which has helped to provide a protected environment for programmes which take commercial and creative risks.

Its luck appeared to be running out when the government announced it was considering options to privatise the channel. But the power of the talisman still worked: an independent trust will be set up to protect the remit, although the channel will sell its own advertising.

Nevertheless, there is considerable concern about the channel's future. The government is determined that the trustees will be appointed by the Home Office. The custodians of C4's remit may not then be entirely free from political prejudice. The channel's executive board and the trustees will need to have a very clear understanding of the remit and what it stands for if it is to be maintained.

The problem—and it is a grave one—is that the consensus over the definition of the remit which was held together by its founder chief executive, Jeremy Isaacs, appears to be breaking down. Michael Grade—who succeeded Isaacs almost two years ago—is charged with the responsibility of failing to unite the industry around a definition of the channel's purpose.

Grade's critics argue that he cannot protect and nurture the remit because he lacks Isaacs's "vision". That vision did indeed shape the channel and inspire some remarkable programmes. Crucially C4 gave a voice to groups that had largely been disenfranchised from the process of making television programmes. Today, a significant number of the channel's programme suppliers, some advertisers, and even the channel's own commissioning editors, describe the output as bland.

Under the Isaacs regime, C4 consciously allowed oppositional strands to flourish. Programmes like *Black On Black, Eastern Eye, Union World, 20/20 Vision, The Friday Alternative* and many others were distinct, alternative voices. Those programmes have since disappeared—many were removed from the schedules before Grade's arrival. New ideas and proposals are not being commissioned.

However, it would be wrong to suggest—as some commentators have—that Grade is either ignoring or marginalising ethnic programmes. C4 put money into projects like the film *Salaam Bombay*, and the weekly current affairs series *Bandung File* has been moved to a peak-time slot at 9pm. Scheduling is Grade's legendary strength. By shuffling programmes around, audiences can go up and down by vital percentage points. Vital to advertisers, but surely not to a channel that has a mission to serve audiences which, by their very definition, are small?

Scheduling is increasingly called targeting, a marketing term. Targeting requires a conscious effort to tailor programmes for specific audience groups defined by socio-economic criteria. Grade is often heard to boast about the channel's success at reaching ABs and young people with disposable incomes. This is important because during the course of the channel's seven-year history its remit has shifted from a social one to a marketing one. The obligation to reach segments of the audience not otherwise catered for by TV has been modified to target lucrative sub-groups. But is this strategy compatible with the channel's original objectives?

There is growing dissatisfaction inside C4. Even senior programme executives complain about the lack of direction and vision and the failure to provide a genuine alternative for viewers. The imperative to compete is influencing commissioning decisions. Commissioning editors tend to bring back old series rather than experimenting because they can predict their success and control budgets.

C4 has successfully adopted today's language of marketing to ensure its programmes bring in viewers and advertising revenue. To its credit, C4 used this new skill to fend off privatisation. But it is critical that C4's management fought on economic grounds rather than cultural ones. It is an approach which is becoming a policy and it will shape C4 for many years to come. The remit is going to need a lot more than good luck.

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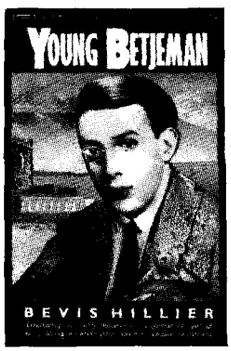

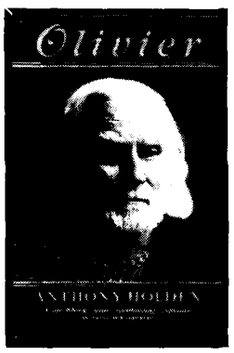

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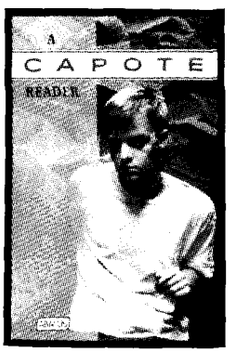

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NATIONAL TOY LIBRARIES Association is seeking a volunteer to assist in preparing for our Play Matters' Week in October. A variety of clerical tasks will be carried out in a small, friendly (n/s) office, 2 minutes walk from Euston Station. Contact Sonja Hampson - NTLA/Play Matters, 68 Churchway, London, NW1 1LT. Tel. No. 01 387 9592.

THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE of Women's Organisations urgently needs committed volunteers to help in its busy office. The most compelling need is for word-processing skills but there is scope for volunteers to be fully involved in the development of this dynamic and expanding new organisation. Travel expenses and lunch allowance paid. Tel. 01 247 7052.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF Reconciliation is working for Justice and Peace through non-violent means. We need help in various areas and would welcome someone with typing skills to deal with basic database entries and word-processing. We have a small, friendly office in Vauxhall. Travel costs, lunch and Hob-nobs are provided. Please phone Ginnie on 01 582 9054.

CAMDEN VISUAL Impairment Team need volunteers to help clients with daily tasks such as reading a person's mail or advising on what clothes to buy. You will get support and training from specialist workers and fares and expenses are paid. Please phone Brian Larkin on 837 3363 x351. (Camden Volunteer Bureau).

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KIDS - Working for Children with Special Needs, requires volunteers to help with general office duties up until Christmas. If you can spare an hour or so a week to help we'd love to hear from you. Please contact Renos Pittarides on 01-969 2817.

SHELTER - National Campaign for the Homeless - needs volunteers immediately to help with essential but easy fundraising work in our office. Reasonable travel and meal expenses paid. For further information, phone Ginny Baumann on 01-253 0202 at Shelter, 88 Old St, London, EC1V 9HU.

HOLBORN Community Centre needs volunteer minibus drivers for day outings, short trips, regular swimming trips etc. The Centre caters for parents & under 5s, teenage girls, over 60s, people with disability, Bengali women & children. You will need to be over 21 with 2 years driving experience and a full driving licence. Please contact Sue Shickle on 405 2493. (Camden Volunteer Bureau).

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SATURDAY MORNING CLUB in Ilford requires volunteers to work with mentally handicapped children. Hectic but fun - mainly play and the occasional outing, and free ice cream! For further details please contact: Donna Brown, 9 Lucy Gdns, Dagenham, Essex RM8 3ES.

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We require a qualified Social Worker to join St Vincent's Family Centre in Ealing. The successful applicant will be required to provide social work advice and assistance to children and families in the West Pastoral Area of Westminster Diocese. Work will also involve liaison with, and social work support for the two family therapists already working at the centre. Good links exist with Social Services, schools and parishes, and development of these links is expected

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For further details and job description phone Mrs Marie Kissane: 01-969 5305.

Applications to: The Acting Director, The Catholic Children's Society (Westminster), 73 St Charles Square, London, W10 6EJ.
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THE UPSTAIRS PROJECT

182 Hammersmith Rd · London W6 7DJ · Tel 01 741 3335

COUNSELLING AND *DROP-IN CENTRE* FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

CO ORDINATOR

THE UPSTAIRS PROJECT, a counselling and drop-in service for young people, seeks a Co-ordinator. We are a grant-aided voluntary agency based in Hammersmith and Fulham, a multi-racial inner city area.

The person appointed will need a background of practice in the field of human relations which includes some counselling experience. Sound organisational skills will be necessary to manage a staff team of 5, including counsellors, youth workers and an administrator. Experience in the voluntary sector is desirable, and the Co-ordinator will be expected to continue the practice of evaluation of the service. S/he must be committed to the Project's policy on equal opportunities.

Salary £17,505 per annum.

For further information and application form, please write or telephone the Upstairs Project, 182 Hammersmith Road, London W6 7DJ. Tel. 01-741 3335. Closing date is 20 September. Interviews will be held in the week beginning 25 September.

Head of Child Care

Head of Child Care required at High View School, Lambourne Road, Chigwell Essex. Salary £11,475 to £12,729 p.a. An interesting and challenging post at this Residential Special School. High View caters for children from 11 to 16+ with learning difficulties but from September 1991 will be redesignated to cater for the educational needs of boys with emotional and behavioural difficulties. The leadership role of out of school time is now shifting to the Care Team.

The Head of Care will be fully involved as a member of the senior management team in implementing these changes.

Candidates should be well qualified and have relevant, recent experience. The post is resident, three bedroom house or flat available. Chigwell is a very pleasant area close to countryside with easy access in London. The school is set in 13 acres of land.

This is a re-advertisement, previous applicants need to re-apply. For application forms and further particulars please contact the Headteacher, at the School, informal visits are welcomed. Tel: 01 500 6660.

Essex County Council
Education

PLEASE MENTION NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISEMENTS

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LAMBETH
SERVICES WELL WORTH DEFENDING

Health and HIV: Innovation and Action

Health is important in Lambeth. That's why we have taken the lead in preventing HIV and providing innovative care to people with HIV disease, in health promotion and joint service development. New posts in the Directorate of Environmental Health and Consumer Services will help prepare new prevention initiatives, provide liaison links to active voluntary organisations, monitor service demands and provide direct assistance to people with HIV disease.

Programme Officer (HIV)
£15,081-£16,143 pa inc.

Based in the Health Liaison Unit, the Programme Officer will lead on HIV prevention, service monitoring and co-ordination. the P.O. will provide a focus on women and HIV. Work experience in the delivery of health services or health strategies; skills will be required in data management, assessment and presentation. A high level of organisational ability is expected. Ref. E45.*

Assistant Health Liaison Officer
£14,688-£15,471 pa inc.
(One year post)

The current holder of this post will be on maternity leave from September. Her temporary replacement will be expected to continue work in areas of grant liaison, development of drugs strategies, analysis of health indices and general duties. Skills wil also be required in data management, assessment and presentation, together with a high level of organisational ability. Ref. E46.*

These posts are advertised under Section 38(i)(b) of the Race Relations Act and Section 48(i)(b) of the Sex Discrimination Act, where applications are particularly welcome from black people and women who are under-represented in this area of work. Applications are also welcome from disabled people.

Further details are obtainable from: Directorate of Environmental Health and Consumer Services, London Borough of Lambeth, Ellen Kuzwayo House, 138-146 Clapham Park Road, London SW4 7DD. Tel: 01-622 6655 ext 156.
Closing date: 8th September 1989.

Always quote the appropriate reference number.
**Post suitable for job sharing.*

As part of the Council's equal opportunity employment policy applications are invited from people regardless of race, creed, nationality, disability, age, sex, or responsibility for children or dependants and from lesbians and gay men.

Well worth working for.

A UNIQUE OPENING!

THE ANTI-APARTHEID MOVEMENT, is seeking to fill a key new managerial position. The dynamic organisation campaigning against apartheid in South Africa and Namibia wishes to appoint a General Manager (Ref. GM).

The successful candidate will be numerate, computer-literate, and good at managing people and money. She/he will also be enthusiastically committed to the cause of freedom in Southern Africa, and willing to work hard in a demanding and stimulating environment. Must be able to lead a lively team of finance, fund-raising and administrative workers.

Salary: Negotiable up to £16,000. Annual increments of £300 pa.

The Anti-Apartheid Movement seeks to be an Equal Opportunities Employer. Applications are especially welcome from women, and persons from Black and Ethnic Minorities.

Closing date: 21 September 1989.
Interviews approx 7-9 days thereafter.

For Job Description and Application Form, 'phone 01-387 7966, or write to:

Anti-Apartheid Movement
13 Mandela Street London NW1 0DW
Tel: 01-387 7966 Facsimile 01-388 0173

CHALLENGING OPPORTUNITIES

THE ANTI-APARTHEID MOVEMENT, the dynamic organisation campaigning against apartheid in South Africa and Namibia, is seeking to fill the following posts. Applicants should be committed to the struggle for freedom in Southern Africa, and prepared to work hard in a stimulating and demanding environment.

(1) FINANCE OFFICER (Ref. FO): Ability to prepare and monitor budgets, cash flow and other accounts, and to control expenditure, essential.*

(2) PERSONAL ASSISTANT TO THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY (Ref. PA): A responsible position requiring tact and good secretarial skills.

(3) RECEPTIONIST/TELEPHONIST (Ref. R/T): In the front-line of a busy office, attending to switchboard, visitors, faxes, etc.

(4) TELEPHONIST/RECEPTIONIST (Ref. T/R): Job-share, 2 days per week

(5) FUND-RAISING ASSISTANT (Ref. FRA): A new post, with responsibility for key fund-raising projects.

* Indicates re-advertisement: previous applicants need not re-apply.

Applicants should phone (01) 387 7966 to obtain application forms and job descriptions. If writing, quote Job Ref(s) on envelope.

Closing Dates:
For posts 3 & 4 — August 31, for posts 1, 2 & 5 — September 21.
Interviews approx 7 days after closing date.
Salary: £9,900 pa. Annual increments of £250 to max of six.

The Anti-Apartheid Movement seeks to be an Equal Opportunities Employer.
Campaigning experience on Southern Africa or other relevant experience is as important as, if not more important than, formal qualifications or experience in paid work.

Anti-Apartheid Movement
13 Mandela Street London NW1 0DW
Tel: 01-387 7966 Facsimile 01-388 0173

Classified advertising
Tel: 01-739-1645

Agencies

H&C CARE

We need
SOCIAL WORKERS
Field & Residential

Call Julia or Dirk now on
01-379 5771

H&C CARE

WALWORTH METHODIST CHURCH (CLUBLAND) HOSTEL

Deputy Resident Hostel Warden

Salary in line with methodist ministers

An opportunity arises for an interested, mature person to work in an exciting, multi-racial, inner city situation. Walworth Methodist Church Hostel is 10 minutes walk from Elephant and Castle and has accommodation for 54 residents, the majority of whom are from overseas.

Applicants should have a commitment to the Church, a sensitivity to the multi-racial scene, practical skills and a sense of humour.

A centrally heated one bedroomed, self-contained flat is provided.

The post could be suitable for a married couple where one of the partners follows their own occupation.

Application forms and further details form Rev V J Watson, 54 Camberwell Road, London, SE5 0EN. Closing date: 15 September 1989. Telephone: 01 703 2477

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RESEARCHER 'SEE HEAR'

Continuing Education

BBC TELEVISION

We are an equal opportunities employer

See Hear requires a Researcher from September 1989 to March 1990 to investigate and analyse stories and advise the production team on their suitability and treatment. You will have a wide knowledge of the deaf community – its culture and politics.

It is essential that you have fluent British Sign Language. (The person appointed will be deaf with fluent B.S.L. as a first or preferred language). You must also have the ability to work under pressure and meet deadlines plus a good working knowledge of English. A knowledge of TV or Video Project work would be an advantage.

Offered on a contract basis. Salary £11,871 – £14,831 plus an allowance of £698 p.a. Based West London.

For further details contact: **Ian Woolf, Series Producer, on 01-991 8072 (Voice) or 01-579 3171 (Minicom).**

For application form contact (quote ref. 1716/NC and enclose s.a.e.) **BBC Corporate Recruitment Services, London W1A 1AA. Tel. 01-927 5799.**

Completed application forms should be returned by Friday, 15th September.

ERDINGTON YMCA YOUTH & COMMUNITY WORKER

Salary JNC Level 2

Required for busy neighbourhood centre in North Birmingham.

J.N.C. recognised qualification with recent professional experience in the field is required.

The maintenance and development of programme activity in the Centre and in the neighbourhood, in face-to-face work with young people in line with YMCA and City policy are the key tasks.

THE YMCA is an equal opportunities employer

Details from the General Secretary, City of Birmingahm YMCA (Inc.), 200 Bunbury Road, Birmingham, B31 2DL. Tel: 021-477 4644. Closing date: September 9, 1989.

UP TO 42 DAYS LEAVE FOR SOCIAL WORKERS

Our working arrangements for Field Social Workers could give you up to forty-two days leave per year plus ten statutory/bank holidays. We have vacancies in District and Hospital based Social Work and in our special Hillsborough Social Work Team based in Anfield. You must possess the CQSW or CSS (with child care content) and have energy, commitment and an organised approach. Appointment will be at Level 2/3 (£10,080 to £13,497). If you have two years post qualifying service appointments will be at Level 3 (£11,475 to £13,497).

DISTRICT SOCIAL WORK

The Department is continuing with its secondment programme (for existing unqualified employees only). We therefore have some vacancies in care, intake and patch teams and expect to have a number of new vacancies due to normal turnover in 1989/90. All posts are open to Job-share and some part-time opportunities exist. The Department particularly needs to recruit Level 3 Social Workers (see above). The black community is under-represented in our workforce and applications from black social workers would be particularly welcome. An informal pack is available from Personnel.

HOSPITAL SOCIAL WORK

We have some specialist vacancies for those with an interest in geriatric and psychogeriatric work and expect to have a small number of more generalist vacancies within Hospital settings. An information pack is available from Personnel.

HILLSBOROUGH TEAM

In addition to the various regional responses which include a jointly staffed helpline and the recruitment of a Training Officer (crisis psychology), the City of Liverpool has set up a Care Team based in Anfield which aims to provide a focused and coherant social work service to those affected by the tragedy; the bereaved and the many survivors. This team is already operating but we need another 4.5 (full time equivalent) Social Workers to bring it up to full strength. The team already consists of two Senior Social Workers and 7.5 (f.t.e.) Social Workers plus a small administrative team.

You should have experience in bereavement counselling and a knowledge of mental health problems relating to both children and adults. Approved Social Worker status and experience of group work would be advantageous.

This team faces a challenging and demanding future and hopes to meet this challenge by incorporating your special skills and knowledge into an approach.

For Hillsborough posts only please ring Sarah Darcy or Gerry Flannagan on 051 263 5366 for informal discussion.

Closing date: Friday, 1st September, 1989.

For information packs and application forms for all posts ring the Personnel Section on 051 225 3770 or write to 26 Hatton Garden, Liverpool L3 2AW.

LIVERPOOL City Council

The City Council is an Equal Opportunity Employer and welcomes applications for employment irrespective of the applicants race, sex, marital status, sexual orientation, religious beliefs, disability or employment status.

INSTITUTE OF RACE RELATIONS

Community Resource Worker (f/t)

(Salary £13,059)

to promote the use of the IRR Library and materials, especially among black community groups in London, and to assist in maintaining IRR's collection of books, periodicals and audio-visual materials. Experience of black community organisation and of video work an advantage.

Press Cutting Assistant (p/t)

(Salary £6,345)

to assist in monitoring national and London press coverage of race and police-black community relations and in the production and distribution of IRR Police-Media Bulletin.

Posts are supported by the London Boroughs Grants Scheme and appointments would be initially to 31st March 1990. Further details from IRR, 2/6 Leeke Street, London WC1X 9HS (01-837-0041), to whom a full C/V, supporting statement and names of two referees should be sent by 1st September 1989.

FACULTY OF SOCIAL STUDIES – SURVEY RESEARCH UNIT

The Polytechnic offers two 15 week post-graduate specialist courses in

SURVEY METHODS FOR SOCIAL RESEARCHERS

The courses are practice orientated for research workers, administrators and graduate students, and are taught by senior current practitioners.

Courses 2027 Survey Analysis Workshop (Oct-Feb)
Hands on workshops using live data from major national surveys. On-line computer processing and statistical analysis of data from questionaire surveys with SPSSX. This course will next begin on: 3 October 1989.

Course 2028 Survey Research Practice (Feb-June)
Research design, sampling, qualilative research, questionaire design, interviewing, telephone and postal surveys, coding, altitude measurement, commissioning, costing, reporting, ethics. Fee £180. Reductions available for fee paying students. Tuesdays 6.15 - 9.00 pm starting 13 February 1990.

Details and application forms from: Director, Survey Research Unit, The Polytechnic of North London, Highbury Grove, London N5 2AD. 01-607 2789 ext 5123.

P·N·L
THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

BUILDING YOUNG LIVES!

Self-build housing for young homeless people.

A one-day National Conference for "support agencies" working with young homeless people.

Date: **Tuesday 26th September 1989.**

Venue: **Regent College, Regents Park, London.**

Fee: **£25.00 (Some bursaries are available).**

For further details, please contact: NWLHA, 293 - 299, Kentish Town Road, London NW5 2TJ. Tel: 01 284 1212.

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Conferences

COMMON VOICE CONFERENCE

The Practical Politics of the Common Agenda, and How Citizens Can Develop Them.

11 am - 5.30 pm, Friday 1st September, 1989

Speakers: David Marquand, Ben Pimlott, John Lloyd, David Purdy.

Afternoon interest groups on; Local Government, Constitutional Reform, Green Issues, Getting Citizens Active.

Enrolment £9 (waged), £5 (unwaged) includes lunch.

Registration: Nina Fishman, 61 Sotheby Rd, London N5 2UP. Tel 01-354 0823.

REALISM AND HUMAN SCIENCES
Manchester Polytechnic
8 - 11 September 1989

Including discussion by Roy Bhaskar, William Outhwaite, Ted Benton, Alex Callinicos and John Maclean.

For further details contact Colin Divall, 0663 45005.

Courses

+ POSITIVE CARE
...for people with HIV/AIDS. Training Courses & Resource Pack for Nurses Clergy and Social Workers from:
THE LANTERN TRUST, 72 Honey Lane Waltham Abbey Essex EN9 3BS.

Personal

POET: prolific, polemic, unique, undiscovered, spurned by the Feeble & Windless set, seeks enterprising, serious publisher. Write: de Lancey, 16 Granville St., Loughborough, Leics. LE11 3BN.

Therapy

UPSET? BRIEF FOCAL THERAPHY helps you take control of your life, decide what to do next - and do it! Experienced qualified woman counsellor. Telephone (01) 855 5001.

Booksellers

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, WC1 Telephone: 01-242 5822.

SCARCE BOOK SERVICE. List wants. 01-876 7254. Hammersmith Books, High Street, London, SW13 9LR.

Classified advertising Tel: 01-739-1645

To Let

LANGUEDOC AUTUMN Tranquility. Writer? Available August 26th. All year. Long lets negotiable. Mountains. 'Rieu Grand', Cambon, 34330 La Salvetat. (01033) 6797 5057.

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SOUTHERN SPAIN self-contained apartment in old olive mill. 12 miles from coast. Beautiful and unspoilt. Tel: (0923) 857760.

CATALONIA. Peaceful family hotel, beautiful old building in idyllic setting. Stunning views walking, beaches, wonderful food. From approx. £138 pp pw FB. 01-249 3727. 010 3472 321202.

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We specialise, exclusively. Small group escorted tours; individual bespoke itineraries; and for independent travellers a range of low-cost flight options that is second to none. Please ask for brochures.

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Wine Study Tour
of the Medoc and St. Emilion
12 – 19 September 1989
Lectures, tastings and visits to famous Chateaux. Price inc. full board and visits £224.
Details: ALL, 9 Haywra St. Harrogate HG1 5BJ.
Tel: 0423 505313.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Small group – escorted tours; low cost flights. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. or Telephone (01) 747-8315.

Counselling

ANALYTIC COUNSELLOR, therapist, offers help with inner and contextual conflicts. Fees according to means. People have replied to this advertisement who have found that they are depressed at this time of year, and I think it would be useful to form a group to examine and resolve this. Any one else with these feelings, wishing to join, do call. 01-372 5101 (Central London) anytime.

Services

CV ADVICE, preparation, word processing by Careers Counsellor / Recruitment Specialist. Also, Job Application Letters, Business Plans, Cash Flow Forecasts. 01-363 4180.

CAREER CHANGE? REDUNDANCY? Early retirement? Disappointing exam results? Individual vocational assesments and guidance. This is a postal service for those unwilling to travel to a centre, further details from PCS, 10 - 11 The Malverns, Cherry Orchard Lane, Salisbury SP2 7JG.

Heartsearch

SEEKING WARM, EMPATHIC young woman (23 - 35), open to experience, affectionate, considerate, independent, physically aware, sensual, imaginative, for mutually fulfilling, exciting close friendship and sexual relationship (maybe more?) with John (very young 40s). Non-smoker. Photo please. (London). Please write to Box (34) 710.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs, firm lasting relationships including marriage. All ages areas, free details: Dept 828, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. Telephone: (01) 938 1011.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY John R. Burden. August 25th. Box (34) 712.

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18c Highbury New Park, London, N5 2DB. Tel: 01-226-5432.

ATTRACTIVE SINGLE MAN quiet, intelligent, deep wishes to meet socially and politically aware women. Is politically left of centre, active in CAMRA, AMENSTY INTERNATIONAL; A loner, 55. Enjoys mainstream classical music, gardening, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire. Please write to Box (33) 700.

I FIND INDIAN WOMEN GORGEOUS! John, considerate, warm, affectionate, sensual (very young 40s), would love to meet similar young woman (23-35) for close warm friendship, and hopefully more. Non-smoker. Photo please. (London). Please reply to Box (34) 711.

SEEKING INTUITIVE, EMPATHIC young woman (23 - 35) open to experience, affectionate, considerate, independent, physically aware, sensual, imaginative, for mutually fulfilling, exciting close friendship and sexual relationship (maybe more?) with John (very young 40s), London. Photo please. Write Box (30) 611.

MALE, VERY YOUNG 50'S – bilingual French English - professional, non political, humanist, non smoker, chief interests theatre, language, literature, music, some sport, needs to meet female, intelligent, slim, unattached, with sense of humour - East Midlands Cambs - any age under about 50. Write Box (30) 618.

LADY READ ON and reply if your either side of 50, live in north east or east England and have just a little acid in your soul. Please write to Box (34) 703.

AGING (?) CONTUMACIOUS W/CLASS male sociology graduate likes climbing cycling theatre needs woman to share tenderness fun magic exasperation. Lancs W. Yorks but will write/travel if consonant. Reply Box (34) 704.

HIGHLY EDUCATED, HIGHLY CIVILISED, sensitive woman (Hertfordshire based, will travel) - Interests: films, theatre, books, good food, countryside; likes cats and conversation; seeks similar man 45+. Please write to Box (34) 705.

DO YOU NEED ANYBODY? I just want someone to love. Male 41 London seeks sincere caring lady for mutual T. L. C. Please write Box (34) 706.

LITERATE N.2 medical graduate, unable to practise in UK, requires intellectually stimulating employment, Glasgow region. Box (34) 707.

SOMEWHERE OR OTHER there must surely be a gentle, subtle, self-possessed woman, 25 - 40, who would like to share country walks, concerts, films and part of her life with a 33-year-old graduate / professional of uncertain purpose, living in the Midlands, who enjoys gardens, Ireland, Stevie Smith and a quiet life (and long sentences). Write to Box (34) 708.

WRITER, MALE, 26, attractive, Jewish, slim, teaches English, NW London. I'm looking for a caring relationship with an intelligent, attractive woman 20 - 30. Interested? Write Box (34) 709.

LIVELY, PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, early fifties, seeks strong-minded man with some joie de vivre left for sharing humour, books, music, country-side. Home Counties West. Please write to Box (34) 713.

Cleopatra met Clark Gable at
DRAWING DOWN THE MOON
THE THINKING PERSON'S INTRODUCTION AGENCY
01-937 8880/938 2151

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3091 Set by Miss Quote
Did you know that Cagney denied ever having said "You dirty rat!" in any of his films; that Conan Doyles' Sherlock Holmes never uttered those famous words "Elementary, my dear Watson"; and that W C Fields never claimed that "anybody who hates children and dogs can't be all bad". What we want from you are (max: 12 attempts) some original, wildly amusing and *wholly believable* misquotes from famous people which, if you do them well enough, could even pass into folklore. For those who never read the rules, this means quotes along the lines of: *Mrs Thatcher*: "I was wrong", however funny, will be disqualified immediately. Entries in by 7 September.

No 3088 Set by Tiny Tim
Cautionary tales, à la Hilaire Belloc, recounting the real misfortunes of public figures.

Report by Ms de Meaner
"Miss"??? "*Miss* Quote"!!! Where do we find them? Under 25 and thinks the feminist movement was a fashion craze involving boiler suits and hairy armpits, I have no doubt. The standard of the entries cheered me up a *soupçon* this week—it's nice to find you're all back on form. A tenner each and no extras. PS: Will P A Field and Sid Field send in their addresses so we can pay you for comp 3086. Thanks Will Bellenger for postcard and poem from Crete which ends:

Well, I've got my feet
Up, self-catered in Crete
For once I am non-comper's mentis.

Crawler!!!

The Lost Leader
Neil Kinnock from an early age
Was moved to furious fits of rage
By listening to gruesome tales,
Then current in his native Wales,
Of how the Wicked Tories sold
The Workers' Blood for City Gold.

When, at the age of thirty-six,
He got his break in politics
He took a vow to Marx that he
Would build the Just Society.

The Workers wouldn't heed his Word
And made it clear they much preferred
To get their noses in the Trough:
So Neil was told to bugger off.

And as for bods like you and me,
It seems we're stuck with Mrs T

Robert Baird

David Steel
Young David told such shocking Truth,
And looked so absolutely couth,
It made electors nervous wrecks
Who placed beside his name an X.
In fact, his Power to Attract
Persuaded him to seal a Pact
With Doctor O, a slick MD
Who handed Cures out for free.
Although the Pair were soon Engaged,
The Doctor would become Enraged
If David wrote prescriptions out,

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE

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And Courtship was a bruising Bout—
For David found the Doctor's Pill
Was Bitter (making patients Ill).
Their Partnership, though both were Wed,
Did not survive the Marriage Bed:
The only options left, of course,
Were Separation and Divorce.
Thereafter David felt no Urge
Once more to Fudge, or Mudge, or Merge

Will Bellenger

Tennis players used to be
As well behaved as you or me,
And, when beaten by a shot
Reacted promptly like as not
With happy cries of "O well done"
Or, "Good for you, what jolly fun",
But then, to change the status-quo
Along came Master McEnroe,
A frightful oaf who stamped and swore
And chucked his racquet on the floor
And argued with the umpires who
Were quite unused to such "to-do",
But quite his most besetting sin
Was his capacity to win,
Which in such a dreadful cad
Was most un-British-like and sad.

This shows I fear that tournaments
Are seldom won by proper gents.

Philip A Nicholson

The chief defect of Cecil P.
Was sporting with his secret'ry
Without ensuring, as is meet,
The lady would remain discreet.

'Twas not enough in private life
To have *one* family, plus wife;
This second menage drove him wild
On hearing Sarah was "with child".

Of course when hounded by the Press
He had to own up and confess,
And lost through this too-common slip
The Tory Party Chairmanship.

"Be warned," he spluttered, "by my lapse
And learn from me. Remember, chaps
And gentlemen ne'er make a pass
At ladies of the typing class."

D A Prince

Edwina, a Precocious Child,
Was seldom Meek and never Mild.
Yet, strange to say, her Forward Ways
Received her Doting Parents' praise.
"Good girl," said Father. "You will find
It's always right to Speak Your Mind."
Her Sisters did not feel the same.
For when they played their Nursing Game,
They found that no one could be meaner
Than bossy Miss Know-All Edwina,
And Northern Neighbours thought her rude,
When she denounced their Choice of Food.
Such Anger only caused her Glee.
"At least," she said, "they've noticed me."
But Pride, we know, precedes a Fall.
One day a Farmer came to call,
And he was an Important Guest,
One Father hoped would be Impressed.
Edwina, with a wink at Dad,
Told Farmer Rich his Eggs were Bad.
Expecting praise, she was instead
Severely Spanked and Sent to Bed.

MORAL:

Plain Speech works best, if you attack
The Poor, who Cannot Answer Back.

Keith Norman

The Chief Defect of Geoffrey Howe
Was not refraining from a row,
Not doing what his Leader bid,
Meeting Mitters in Madrid.
He thought She's swallowed his revolt,
Then came the nasty thunderbolt.
Tories always have to know
Just how far it's wise to go,
When to agree and when dissent:
He didn't so Sir Geoffrey went.

T Griffiths

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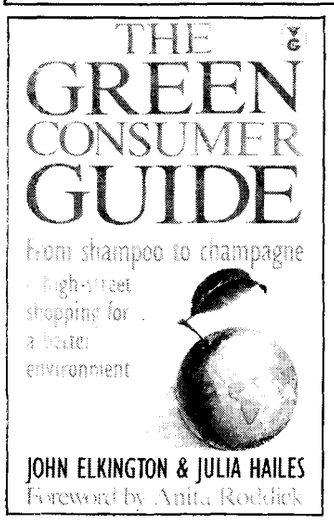
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